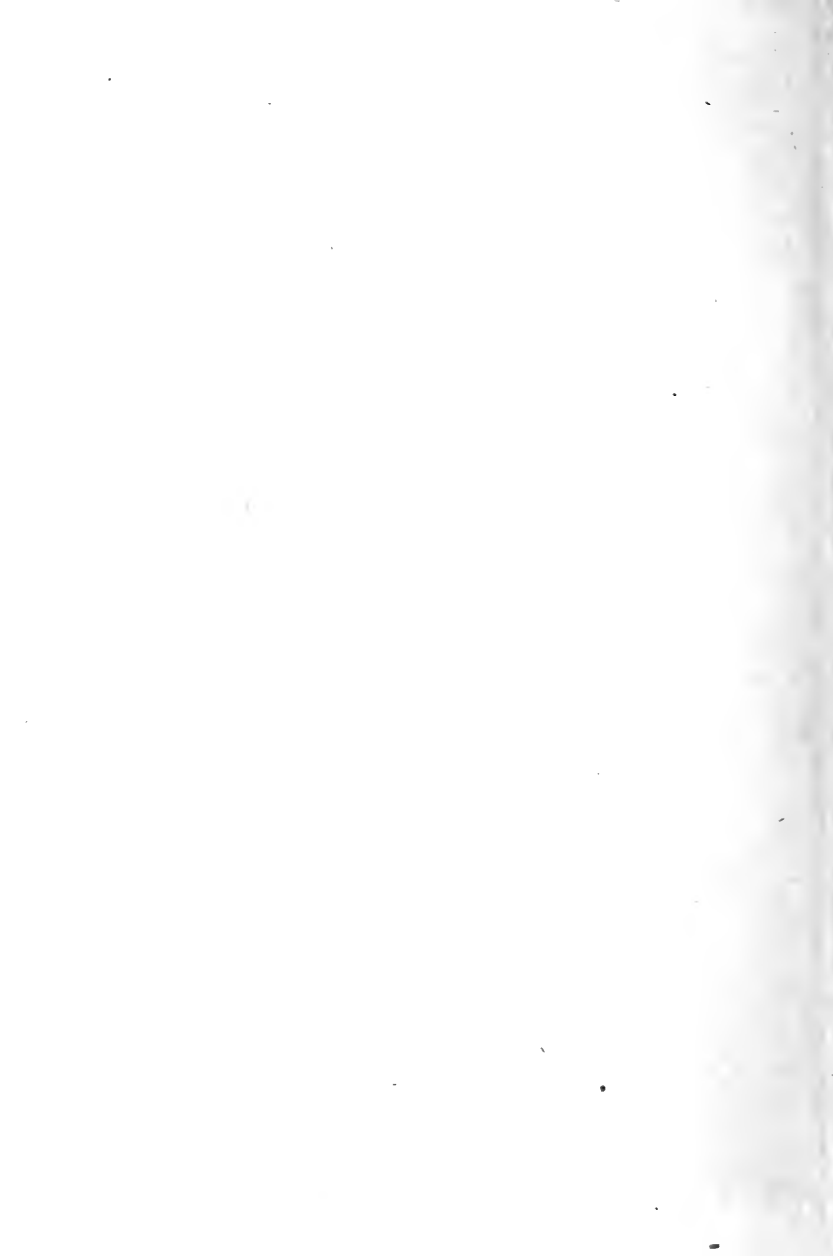


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CANADIAN
CATHOLIC READERS.



CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

Canadian Catholic Readers.

*Bought by me from
The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.
February 6, 1901
H. Winterbottom*

THIRD READER.

APPROVED BY THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT FOR
USE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE
SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

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THIRD READER.

I.—THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :
"Oh, blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me !
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father !—
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see ;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

II.—THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

Murillo, a famous artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of some of his pupils sketches bearing marks of great genius. They were done during the night, and he was unable to find out the author.

One morning the pupils were at the studio before him, and were standing before an easel, lost in wonder and surprise, when Murillo entered. His wonder was as great as theirs on finding a most beautiful painting.

He asked first one and then another of the young painters, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it, but each sadly answered "No! He who has done this will one day be the greatest of us all."

"Sebastian!" said he to a young slave that stood by trembling, "who is in this studio at night?" "No one but myself, sir." "Well, watch here to-night; and if you do not find out who it is that comes to this room, thirty lashes shall be your punishment on the morrow." Sebastian bowed and retired.

That night Sebastian slept soundly on his mattress until the clock of the church struck three. He then sprang from his poor bed, and said to himself—"Three hours are my own, the rest are my master's." He seized a palette and took his seat at the easel, to blot out the work of the night before. With brush in hand, he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot! oh, I cannot blot it out!" said he. "Rather let me finish it."

He went to work and forgot everything else in his earnestness: a little color here, a touch there, a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled by unnoticed.

The young artist slave saw nothing but the lovely picture before him, the face of which seemed to smile upon him with a look of heavenly goodness and grace.

He felt that he was free, when suddenly a slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around! and the sun was shining brightly through the window.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?" "You, sir." "Your drawing-master, I mean?" "You, sir." "I have never given you lessons." "No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them." "Yes, and you have made better use of them than any one of these has yet done."

"Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?" "Reward, sir," was the quick reply. "What shall it be?"

One whispered a suit of clothes, another a sum of money, a third his freedom, but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom.

A cry burst from the lips of Sebastian—a cry of joy, of pain, almost of grief—as he threw himself on his knees before his master, clasped his hands, and raised his streaming eyes to meet his master's gaze.

"Oh, freedom—freedom for my father!" cried he, in a voice choked by tears and sobs.

"And yours—do you not desire your own?" asked Murillo.

Sebastian hung down his head, and, with a sob, answered, "My father first, sir."

"Yes, my poor child; and yours too," said Murillo, no longer able to restrain his tears, as he raised Sebastian kindly.

"Oh, my master! my good master!" was all that Sebastian's feelings enabled him to utter.

"You are now free, Sebastian," said Murillo.

"Free to serve you all my life, master!" he replied, falling again on his knees, and kissing his master's hands.

"Sebastian," said Murillo, "your pencil has proved your genius, and your request shows that you have a noble heart. From this day I style you an ARTIST, and I receive you among my pupils."

In the picture galleries of Europe there are still to be seen many beautiful paintings from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian Gomez.

III.—CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike, form.

The flames rolled on,—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done !"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, Father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave, despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My Father ! must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part !—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

IV.—A LIVING BRIDGE.

For many days we had been pushing our way, as best we could, through one of the densest of South American forests. Late one afternoon we stopped by the side of a narrow but swiftly flowing river, and began to prepare our camp for the night. Suddenly we heard, at some distance from us on the other side of the stream, a great chattering and screaming, as if thousands of monkeys were moving among the trees and each trying to make more noise than all the rest.

"An army of monkeys on the march," said our guide. "They are coming this way, and will most likely cross the river yonder where the banks are so steep, with those tall trees growing on either side."

"How will they cross there?" I asked. "The water runs so swiftly that they certainly cannot swim across."

"Oh, no," said the guide; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how will they do that?"

"Wait, captain, and you shall see," answered the guide.

We could now plainly see the animals making their way through the tree-tops and approaching the place which the guide had pointed out. In front was an old gray-headed monkey who directed all their movements and seemed to be the general-in-chief of the army, while here and there were other officers, each of whom appeared to have certain duties to perform.

One ran out upon an overhanging branch, and, after looking across the stream as if to measure the distance,

scampered back and made a report to the leader. There was at once a change in the conduct of the army. Commands were given, and a number of able-bodied monkeys were marched to the front. Then several ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

At length all gathered near a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them climbed its trunk. The foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb climbed down the body of the first, and, wrapping his tail tightly around him, dropped off in his turn, and hung head downwards. And thus the third monkey fastened himself to the second, and the fourth to the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like a pendulum. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the monkey at the lower end striking his hands against the ground and pushing out with all his strength. This was kept up until the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of the tree on the opposite bank. One of these the lowermost monkey caught and held fast. The chain now reached from one side of the stream to the other, forming a living bridge over which all the other monkeys, young and old, passed without confusion or delay.

The army was soon safely across, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? Should the monkey at the top of the chain let go of the

cottonwood branch, the other end of the bridge was so much lower that he, with those nearest him, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soused into the water.

The question was soon answered. A powerful fellow was seen taking firm hold of the lowest on the bridge, then another fastened himself to him in like manner, and this was continued until a dozen more were added to the string. These last monkeys then ran up to a high limb, and lifted that end of the bridge until it was several feet above that on the opposite bank.

Then the monkey who had formed the first link in the chain loosed his hold upon the cottonwood branch, and the whole bridge swung safely over. The lowermost links dropped lightly to the ground, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole army then scampered away into the forest, and the sound of their chattering was soon lost in the distance.

—*Mayne Reid.*

V.—AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

As the dewy shades of even
Gather o'er the balmy air,
Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,
Listen to my vesper prayer.

Holy Mother, near me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught defiled ;
With thy wings of mercy cover,
Safe from harm, thy helpless child.

Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core ;
Holy Mother, by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.

Queen of Heaven, guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair ;
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

Mother of my Infant Saviour,
Spouse of God, my plaint, O hear ;
Purest Virgin, Gracious Matron,
O relieve me by thy prayer.

From thy happy seat in Sion,
Light me thro' this dark abode ;
Smile, oh ! gently smile upon me,
Tell my sorrows to my God.

VI.—THE HEROIC SERF.

In the dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for eight months in the year, wolves roam about in countless troops ; and it is a fearful thing for the traveller, especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer and nearer to him.

A Russian nobleman, with his wife and a young daughter, was travelling in a sleigh over a bleak plain. About nightfall they reached an inn, and the nobleman called for a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper

begged him not to proceed. "There is danger ahead," said he: "the wolves are out."

The traveller thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night; and, saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the repeated warnings of the landlord, the party proceeded on their way.



The driver was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. The sleigh sped swiftly over the hard snow, and there appeared no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road seemed like polished silver.

Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange, dull sound I heard just now?" Her

father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest."

The child shut her eyes, and kept still for a while; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with fear, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that is not the wind: I hear it again; do you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though those who were with him did not.

Whispering to the serf, he said, "They are after us. Get ready your musket and pistols; I will do the same. We may yet escape. Drive on! drive on!"

The man drove wildly on; but nearer, ever nearer, came the mournful howling which the child had first heard. It was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and was in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the wolves was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader, and fire. I will single out the next; and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him. *That* will be some delay, at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching, with their long, measured tread. A large dog-wolf was the leader. The nobleman and the serf singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the sleigh.

Again the nobleman and his servant fired. Two other wolves fell, and were instantly devoured. But the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "Let one of the horses loose, that we may gain a little more time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud shrieks of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. The remaining horses were urged to their utmost speed, but again the pack was in full pursuit. Another horse was cut loose, and he soon shared the fate of his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life. It is clear to me that we can not all reach the post-house alive. I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No, no!" cried the master, "we will live together or die together. You must not, must not!"

But the servant had made up his mind; he was fully resolved. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down, and do my best to delay their progress."

The sleigh glides on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it. The wolves are close on their track, and almost up with them. But what sound now rings out sharp and loud? It is the discharge of the servant's pistol. At the same instant he leaps from his seat, and falls a prey to the wolves! But meanwhile the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

On the spot where the wolves had pulled to pieces the devoted servant, there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman. It bears this inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

—*Champney.*

VII.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.



Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn !"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

VIII.—THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band.
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs ?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But, in its use or beauty, shows
True love to us, and love undying.

—*Gerald Griffin.*

IX.—TWO PARABLES.

I.—THE TARES. II.—THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field.

But while men were asleep, his enemy came and oversowed cockle among the wheat, and went his way.

And when the blade was sprung up, and had brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle.

And the servants of the good-man of the house coming said to him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle?

And he said to them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants said to him: Wilt thou that we go and gather it up?

And he said: No, lest perhaps, gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it.

Suffer both to grow until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn, but the wheat gather ye into my barn.

—*St. Matt. xiii.*

Jesus said: A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him, went away leaving him half dead.

And it chanced that a certain priest went down the same way: and seeing him, passed by.

In like manner also a Levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by.

But a certain Samaritan being on his journey, came near him; and seeing him, was moved with compassion.

And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine: and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: Take care of him; and whatsoever



thou shalt spend over and above, I at my return will repay thee.

Which of these three in thy opinion was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?

But the lawyer said: He that showed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou in like manner.

—*St. Luke x.*

X.—A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprung from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash ;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer and Vixen !
On ! Comet, on ! Cupid, on ! Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all ! ”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of tops—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound ;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf.—
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself ;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings : then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! ”

—*Clement C. Moore.*

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, golden ears,
Unless we have first been sower ;
And watered the flowers with tears.

XI.—COUNT RODOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

It was a beautiful morning in spring. The courtyard of the old castle of Hapsburg presented a gay and lively spectacle; groups of huntsmen might be seen, some holding the reins of noble horses, whilst others were busy with the hounds, who seemed impatient of restraint.

The young Count Rodolph of Hapsburg, one of the noblest lords of Germany, was about to ride forth to the chase, which was that day to take place in a forest some miles distant from his castle. He soon appeared among his followers, and leaping into the saddle, gave the word to proceed onward.

What a gallant sight it was, as dogs and horses wound through the forest glades, which soon echoed with the horns of the huntsmen and the deep baying of their hounds!

Rodolph was full of youthful spirit, and entered heartily into the pleasure of the day's sport. Beside him rode his favorite page, to whom he turned now and then, and spoke in the joyousness of his heart.

They had not gone far, when a strange sound reached the ears of the count. It was the tinkling of a little bell, which at first he took to be a sheep-bell; but as it came gradually near and nearer, he knew that it was something very different.

In Catholic countries, whenever a priest carries the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, he does so dressed in a surplice and stole. A boy goes before him, carrying a light and ringing a little bell. The object of this is to show respect to the Adorable Body of our Lord.

Count Rodolph, therefore, understood that the Blessed Sacrament was being carried along the mountain-path by which he was riding, and at once dismounting, he knelt down, in a lowly and respectful attitude, to let it pass.

The priest, preceded by his young attendant, soon came in sight; he was an old man, who filled the office of curate in a neighboring village, and he was carrying the Viaticum to a poor cottager who lived far among the mountains.

Rodolph could not help contrasting the lowliness of this little procession with the pomp and magnificence of his own retinue. Yielding to a sudden impulse, he approached the priest with head uncovered, and humbly begged that he would mount the horse which he held by the bridle, and suffer him to conduct him on his way.

The poor priest hesitated, but the count would admit of no denial; and helping him to mount, he took the bridle in his hand, and gently led the gallant animal along the rugged path, till they reached the cottage of the dying man.

Arrived there, Rodolph and his page knelt down, and devoutly joined in all the prayers that were offered; then, when the solemn rites were over, he again obliged the priest to mount his horse, and led him back to his village, with the same marks of respect as before.

When they had reached the priest's house, Rodolph begged him to take the horse and keep it; as for himself, he said, he should never presume to ride it again, after it had borne his Lord and Redeemer. The old priest was deeply touched.

“Young lord,” he said, “thou hast this day loyally served thy Master, and He will not fail to reward thee. Ere nine years have passed, thou shalt receive the recompense of this thy service.”

Before the nine years had passed away, Rodolph of Hapsburg was chosen Emperor of Germany. He became the founder of an illustrious house, from which many of the sovereigns of Europe are descended.

The present Emperor of Austria still bears the honors which were thus bestowed on his ancestor, in reward of an act of piety and devotion shown towards the Most Holy Sacrament.

XII.—THE ALLELUIA OF THE PASCH.

Alleluia ! the bells are ringing,
Up, high up, in the golden dawn ;
Alleluia ! the choirs are singing,
Passiontide and its shadow gone.

Alleluia ! the birds are trilling
Over the eggs in their new-made nests,
Field and meadow and garden filling
With the joy o'erflowing their feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises,
Clad in resurrection-green ;
The world of grace all heav'n surprises
With risen glories, earth unseen !

Alleluia! chants the river
To hill and mountain, sky and sea!
Evermore and still forever,
Float the echoes back to me:

Echoes of an angel chorus
(White-robed in the garden gloom),
Shouting to the welkin o'er us,
"Christ hath risen from the tomb!"

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of that word;
"Alleluia!" (glad repeating);
"Hail! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!"

XIII.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

.
Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Consider how unable you are to do great things, and do not
despise little things.

XIV.—THE WHITE BEAR.

The polar bear has quite a varied diet, depending on the season and his whereabouts. If near a country whose waters abound in seals, here is his main sustenance; and the cleverness he displays in catching seals is wonderful, for the Eskimo considers the seal the wariest and sliest game in his country, and especially in the summer time, when the polar bear secures the most.

When a seal comes up through the thick ice, on a pleasant summer day, he is quite watchful at first. He stretches himself for a comfortable snooze on the ice, so close to his hole that the slightest motion of his body will send him over the slippery edge; when with a stroke or two of his fins, and a splash of his tail, he is out of sight beneath the ice again.

Having kept a sharp lookout in every direction for a number of minutes, and seeing nothing suspicious, he allows his heavy head to fall on the ice to take a nap: but they are short naps indeed, and every two or three minutes he raises his head and surveys the surroundings for probable mischief.

The polar bear, seeing these movements from the top of some high hummock of ice, crawls stealthily towards his prey, taking advantage as much as possible of every little piece of rough ice to conceal his figure, already well protected by his white coat on the ice. Having got as near as he possibly can by such methods, he lies flat on the ice and commences "hitching" himself along by short, spasmodic actions, watching the seal keenly all the while.

Should he look up from his slumbers, the bear remains as motionless as a piece of ice, for which he hopes to be taken, until the seal throws his head down again, when the bear once more commences "hitching" forward.

By this series of very slow and laborious creepings, he manages to get within from ten to twenty feet of his victim. Watching his best opportunity, when the seal is in the midst of one of his short slumbers, he makes a quick rush, striking him over the head with his paw, and grasping him by the neck with his teeth. A single miscalculation in this scheme, and the seal is below the ice through his hole, dashing a mass of spray in Mr. Bruin's face with his tail.

Should the seal have crawled up on the edge of an ice-floe from the water, and attempt to escape thereto, the bear being close upon him, the latter will not hesitate—so the Eskimos say—to dive after the seal. Although in the water the seal is his superior in activity, occasionally the bear is rewarded with his prey by a lucky snap of his jaws.

The polar bear is credited with killing walrus; but I think he never attacks any but the smaller ones in a fair combat, so much larger is the walrus than his bearship.

The Eskimos claim—and I think their story is true—that the polar bear has been known to take a stone or a huge piece of ice in his fore-paws, and from a favorable altitude—the side of an iceberg or the top of a cliff—hurl this missile with such certainty as to cause it to alight on a walrus's head, and so stun it that its capture becomes easy afterwards.

—Schwatka.

XV.—A SAILOR'S SONG OF THE SEA.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runs the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And back I flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me,
For I was born on the deep blue sea !

And I have lived, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild and boundless sea.

—Barry Cornwall.

XVI.—THE SCULLION WHO BECAME A SCULPTOR.

In a little Italian village there once lived a jolly stonecutter named Pisano. Everybody liked him. There was one little boy, especially, who loved old Pisano, and whom Pisano loved more than anybody else in the world. This was Antonio Canova, Pisano's grandson, who had come to live with him because his father was dead, and his mother had married a harsh man who was unkind to little Antonio.

While Pisano worked at stonecutting, little Antonio played at it, and amused himself with making clay figures. The old grandfather soon saw that the pale-faced little fellow at his side was wonderfully skilful at such things.

It so happened that Signor Faliero, a man of great wealth and rare understanding in matters of art, had a palace near Pisano's house, and at certain times entertained many distinguished guests there. When the palace was very full of visitors, old Pisano was sometimes hired to help the servants with their tasks; and Antonio sometimes did scullion's work there, for a day or two, when some great feast was given.

At one time, when the Signor Faliero was to entertain a very large company at dinner, young Antonio was at work among the pots and pans in the kitchen. The head servant came in, just before the dinner hour, in great trouble. The man who had been at work upon the large ornament for the table had sent word that he had spoiled the piece. What was to be done? The poor

fellow whose business it was to put the table in order was at his wit's end.

While every one was wondering what it would be best to do, the little scullion boy came forward and said :

"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do."

"You!" cried the servant; "and who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano," answered the pale-faced little fellow.

"And, pray, what can you do?" asked the man.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table," said the boy, "if you'll let me try."

The servant, not knowing what else to do, told Antonio that he might try. Calling for a large quantity of butter, the boy quickly moulded a great crouching lion, which everybody in the kitchen said was beautiful, and which the now rejoicing head-servant placed carefully upon the table.

At the dinner that day there were many of the most noted men of Venice—merchants, princes, noblemen, and lovers of art—and among them were many skilled critics of art work. When these people came to the table, their eyes fell upon the butter lion, and they forgot the purpose for which they had entered the dining-room. They saw there something of higher worth in their eyes than any dinner could be, namely, a work of genius.

They looked at the lion long and carefully, and then began praising it, and asking Faliero to tell them what great sculptor he had persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in a butter, that must quickly melt away. But

Signor Faliero knew as little as they, and he had, in his turn, to ask the chief servant. When the company learned that the lion was the work of a scullion, Faliero called the boy into the dining-room, and the dinner became a sort of feast in his honor.

But it was not enough to praise the lad. These were men who knew that such genius as his belonged to the world, not to a village, and nothing could please them more than to aid in giving him an education. Signor Faliero himself declared that he would pay the lad's expenses, and place him under the instruction of the best masters.

The boy, whose highest wish had been to become a village stonecutter, and whose home had been in his poor old grandfather's cottage, became at once a member of Signor Faliero's family, living in his palace, having at his command everything that money could buy, and being daily instructed by the best masters in Venice.

But he was not in the least spoiled by this change in his life. He was still the same simple, earnest, and faithful boy. He worked as hard to gain knowledge and skill in art as he had meant to work to become a good stonecutter. Antonio Canova's course from the day on which he moulded butter into a lion was steadily upward; and when he died he was not only one of the greatest sculptors of his own time, but one of the greatest of all time.

—George Cary Eggleston.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

—Franklin.

XVII.—THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level
ocean floor ?

Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams they pass away from our
view,

And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-
off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the
breezes' will,

Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in dis-
tance gray ;

But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their
sails that fill

Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a staunch man
at the wheel,

And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of a man
is there ;

There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does
not feel

The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the
helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide
treacherous sea ;

Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength, to stand the
stress of the gale ;

And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the
tumult may be,

For the will of man with the help of God, shall conquer and
prevail.

—*From St. Nicholas Magazine (by permission of the Publishers).*

XVIII.—THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

“O brother birds,” St. Francis said,
“Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

“Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

“O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

“He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care !”

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart ;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood :
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

XIX.—THE SENTRY'S POUCH.

One cold, wet night Jacob Meyer, a Prussian sentry, was wearily pacing his lonely beat, glancing from time to time at the watch-fires of the enemy, clearly visible across the narrow stream. He was heartily tired of inaction and wished that the armies would come to closer quarters to give him something better to do than merely shivering in the rain. Growing colder and wetter every minute, he thought longingly of his snug cottage on the vine-clad slope of the Harz mountains, where, every night, after a good supper of rye bread and cabbage, he had a quiet smoke and was abed before ten.

"If the king had to be abroad in this sort of weather he would be as thoroughly tired of the war as I am," he said aloud.

"How do you know that he has not to be out?" broke in a sharp voice at his side.

Thus unexpectedly recalled to his duty, his musket was at once levelled at the intruder, while clear and stern rang the challenge, "Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the only answer.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"The Prussian Eagle."

"Pass, friend, all's well."

Instead, however, of passing, the stranger approached the sentry, who by the faint moonlight could just discern that his visitor was muffled in a large mantle and wore a slouched hat hiding much of his face.

"Your post seems rather uncomfortable, comrade," said he. "Why not have a smoke to cheer yourself a bit?"

"Smoke!" exclaimed the sentry, "why surely, brother, you know that smoking when on duty is strictly forbidden?"

"But what if the king gave you leave to smoke?"

"Oh, yes, the king! But what of my captain?" gruffly replied the soldier. "My back would have had an unwelcome taste of the drummer's cane long before the king could interfere to save me."

"Pshaw, man! your captain's not here to catch you, and I'll tell no tales, so out with your pipe."

"Look here, you rascal," cried the soldier, now thoroughly aroused, "I do believe you're some idle fellow who only wants to make trouble for me. So you had best be off at once, for if you provoke me more I'll cuff you soundly."

"Oh, come, now, I'd like to see you try it," said the other, laughing.

The sentry's only reply was a quick blow, sending the stranger's battered hat flying, and almost knocking him off his feet.

"Oh, very good!" said the unknown, in quite a changed tone of voice. "You'll hear more of this to-morrow, my man, when you'll get what you deserve, never fear. I bid you good night." So saying, he stooped to pick up something from the ground, and then disappeared in the darkness.

The sudden change in his visitor's voice and manner, together with his parting threat, caused Meyer to feel uneasy. He feared that he had insulted an officer of high rank—a colonel it might be, or even a general. "But, never mind; he doesn't know my name, and as the night is very dark he would find it difficult to describe either my appearance or the post where I am located."

But next moment he gave a great start,—the tobacco pouch which usually hung at his belt was missing. Could this be what the stranger had picked up? His full name was engraved on it!

Soon afterwards relieved from duty, poor Meyer passed a sleepless night, though he tried to keep up his courage by the thought that the general would not punish him for obeying orders. Sure enough, next morning he was conducted as a prisoner to headquarters. There he found all the superior officers grouped around a small, lean, bright-eyed man, rather shabbily dressed, whom Meyer immediately recognized as the king himself—Frederick the Great.

"Gentlemen," said Frederick, "what does a Prussian soldier deserve who strikes his king?"

"Death," replied the officers, with one accord.

"Right!" said the king. "Here is the man." And he showed the tobacco pouch bearing the name, "Jacob Meyer."

"Mercy, sire, pardon me!" cried Meyer, falling on his knees. "How could I know it was your majesty with whom I was speaking?"

"No, I don't suppose you did," said Frederick, clapping him heartily on the shoulder; "and I only wish that all my soldiers would obey orders as strictly as you do. I promised you should get what you deserved, and so you shall, for I'll make you sergeant in my own body-guards Rise, Sergeant Meyer."

XX.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

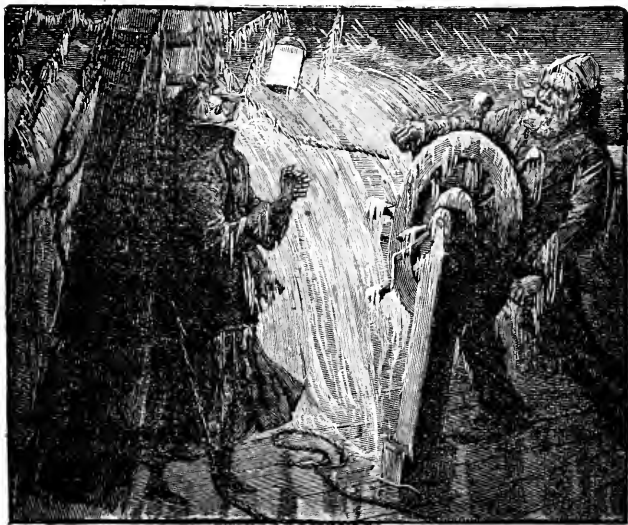
Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.



Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church bells ring,
O say what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

—Henry W. Longfellow.

XXI.—THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT.

PART I.

Near the close of the last century, while the French army under Bonaparte occupied Egypt, a soldier was captured by the Arabs and carried far away.

But at night, when the Frenchman saw that he was not watched, he unloosed with his teeth the knot which bound him and regained his liberty. He seized a carbine and some dried dates, and, armed with a scimitar, he started off in the direction of the French army.

All night and far into the next day he walked on; but at length his strength gave out, and he was obliged to stop. The day was finished; the oriental night was full of freshness and beauty. At a little distance he discovered a cluster of palms. To these he dragged his weary limbs, and lay down and slept.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun. The prospect around filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand sparkling and glancing in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left nothing for the imagination to conceive. Not a cloud obscured its splendor; not a zephyr moved the face of the desert. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness. God in all his infinite majesty seemed present to the soul.

Sad and gloomy the desolate wanderer walked around the little eminence on which the palm-trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed in a ledge of granite. Hope was

awakened in his breast. Here he might rest in safety. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and before these were exhausted human beings might come that way.

Wearied by the extreme heat of the day, he crawled into the grotto and soon fell into a profound sleep. In the night he was awakened by a startling noise. He started up and listened, and in the deep silence he could hear the loud breathing of an animal. The hair rose upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. By the rays of the moon that entered the chinks of the cave, he discovered an enormous animal lying but a few feet away. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what animal it was. It might be a lion, a tiger, a crocodile; but there was no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly into the grotto, its beams lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther. This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws with the comfortable dignity of a great house-dog. The soldier dared not make the slightest noise lest he should awaken her. Nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the strong beatings of his own heart.

To attempt her destruction and fail, would be certain death. She was too near for him to use his carbine. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar; but the thought of her hard rough skin made him relinquish his project. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood. "She has eaten lately,"

said the Frenchman to himself; "she will not awake in hunger."

When the sun arose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws, and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth and a great tongue as hard and rough as a file. She then began to wash her paws, passing them over her ears from time to time as prettily as a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier; "she does her toilet very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from the Arabs, and prepared to bid her good-morning. At this moment the panther turned her head and saw him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes made the soldier tremble. She arose and moved towards him. With great presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye. When she came up to him he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

XXII.—THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

A tale for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beneath the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came,
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered : " All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give ;
The silver cup my mother gave :
In Christ's name take it, and live."

Years passed ; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair
Sat the crowned Lord of Christendom.

" Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
" And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

" I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
" O stranger ; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome for the sake
Of Him Who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His Who on Genesareth trod,
Or His on Whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

" Know'st thou," he said, " thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

" Thy prayers and alms have risen and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.
I am the Wonderful, through Whom
Whate'er thou seekest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord

Still, wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in ;

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

—*John G. Whittier.*

XXIII.—THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT.

PART II.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and turned and went out of the grotto. The panther came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against him like an affectionate kitten. He felt of her ears and throat, and, perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find an opportunity to stab her; but her strength and size made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful sultana of the desert tried the courage of her companion by stretching out her neck and rubbing against him. He raised his arm to give the fatal blow;

but at that moment she crouched gently at his feet and looked up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The soldier's arm fell, and she licked his shoes and purred. During the whole day the panther attended him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be out of sight.

When the sun went down she uttered a deep, melancholy cry. "She is well educated," said the soldier; "she has learned to say her prayers!" He was rejoiced to see her grow drowsy. "That is right," said he, "you had better go to sleep first!" When she was sound asleep, he rose silently and set off vigorously for the Nile; but he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a loud, sharp cry.

Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into a dangerous trap of loose sand, from which he could not extricate himself. The panther seized him by the collar, drew him out of the sand, and brought him safe to the other side of the treacherous ditch at a single bound. "My dear Julia," exclaimed the soldier as he caressed her, "our friendship is for life and for death." He retraced his steps. Having hung out his shirt as a signal to any human being who might come near, he lay down and slept.

When he awoke, Julia was gone. He went out and soon saw her at a distance clearing the desert with her long and high bounds. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving caresses, she purred and fixed her eyes upon him with more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck and talked to her as he would to a companion.

This animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her she would put her paws upon his lap to attract attention. In this way several days passed. The panther became used to the inflections of the soldier's voice and understood the expressions of his face. While her beauty pleased, she delighted him most when she was on a frolic. She showed the perfection of grace and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumping, bounding, and rolling over and over. When she was darting away at full speed, she would stop suddenly when the Frenchman called "Julia!"

This account was given me by the soldier himself as we met near a panther's cage in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued he, "what I had done to displease Julia, or whether the creature was merely in sport; but she turned around, snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. Thinking she was about to destroy me, I plunged the dagger into her neck. The poor creature uttered a cry that froze my very heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agonies. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers who saw my signal found me some hours afterward weeping beside her dead body.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

XXIV.—ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat ;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown .
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

XXV.—HUNTING THE HONEY-BEE.

It is not every novice that can find a bee-tree. The sportsman may track his game to its retreat by the aid of his dog, but in hunting the honey-bee one must be his own dog, and track his game through an element in which it leaves no trail. It is a task for a sharp, quick eye, and may test the resources of the best woodcraft.

So, with haversacks filled with grapes and peaches and apples, and a bottle of milk,—for we shall not be home to dinner,—and armed with a compass, a hatchet, a pail, and a box with a piece of comb-honey neatly fitted into it, we sally forth. After a refreshing walk of a couple of miles we reach a point where we will make

our first trial—a high stone wall that runs parallel with a wooded ridge, and separated from it by a broad field.

There are bees at work there on that goldenrod, and it requires but little manœuvring to sweep one into our box. Almost any other creature rudely and suddenly arrested in its career and clapped into a cage in this way would show great confusion and alarm. The bee is alarmed for a moment, but the bee has a passion stronger than its love of life or fear of death, namely, desire for honey, not simply to eat, but to carry home as booty. “Such rage of honey in their bosoms beats,” says Virgil. It is quick to catch the scent of honey in the box, and as quick to fall to filling itself.

We now set the box down upon the wall, and gently remove the cover. The bee is head and shoulders in one of the half-filled cells, and is oblivious to everything else about it. Come rack, come ruin, it will die at work. We step back a few paces, and sit down upon the ground so as to bring the box against the blue sky as a background.

It is a singular fact that when the bee first finds the hunter's box its first feeling is one of anger. But its avarice soon gets the better of its indignation, and it seems to say, “Well, I had better take possession of this and carry it home.” So it settles down and fills itself.

It does not entirely cool off and get soberly to work till it has made two or three trips home with its booty. When other bees come, even if all from the same swarm, they quarrel and dispute over the box. A bee will usually make three or four trips from the hunter's box before it brings back a companion. I suspect the bee

does not tell its fellows what it has found, but that they smell out the secret: it doubtless bears some evidence with it, upon its feet or proboscis, that it has been upon honey-comb and not upon flowers, and its companions take the hint and follow.

In about half an hour we have three well-defined lines of bees established,—two to farm-houses and one to the woods, and our box is being rapidly depleted of its honey. About every fourth bee goes to the woods. The woods are rough and dense, and the hills steep, and we do not like to follow the line of bees until we have tried at least to settle the problem as to the distance they go into the woods,—whether the tree is on this side of the ridge, or in the depth of the forest on the other side. So we shut up the box when it is full of bees, and carry it about three hundred yards along the wall.

Other bees have followed our scent, and it is not many minutes before a second line to the woods is established. This is called *cross-lining* the bees. The new line makes a sharp angle with the other line, and we know at once that the tree is only a few rods into the woods. The two lines we have established form two sides of a triangle, of which the wall is the base; at the apex of the triangle, or where the two lines meet in the woods, we are sure to find the tree. We quickly follow up these lines, and where they cross each other on the side of the hill we scan every tree closely.

But not a bee is seen or heard; we do not seem as near the tree as we were in the fields; yet if some divinity would only whisper the fact to us, we are within a few rods of the coveted prize, which is not in one of

the large hemlocks or oaks that absorb our attention, but in an old stump not six feet high, and which we have seen and passed several times without giving it a thought.

After much searching, and after the mystery seems rather to deepen than to clear up, we chance to pause beside this old stump. A bee comes out of a small opening like that made by ants in decayed wood, rubs its eyes and examines its *antennae*, as bees always do before leaving their hive, then takes flight. At the same instant several bees come by us loaded with *our* honey, and settle home with that peculiar low, complacent buzz of the well-filled insect. Here, then, is our prize, in a decayed stump of a hemlock tree. We could tear it open with our hands, and a bear would find it an easy prize, and a rich one, too, for we take from it fifty pounds of excellent honey.

—Burroughs.

XXVI.—THE NAMES OF OUR LADY.

Through the wide world thy children raise
Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed
So many names divine :
Which is the dearest to my heart,
And the most worthy thine ?

Star of the Sea : we kneel and pray
When tempests raise their voice ;
Star of the Sea ! the haven reached,
We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christian: in our need

Thy mighty aid we claim :

If we are faint and weary, then

We trust in thy dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary :

What name can be so sweet

As what we call thee when we place

Our chaplets at thy feet.

Bright Queen of Heaven : when we are sad,

Best solace of our pains :—

It tells us, though on earth we toil,

Our mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel : thus

Sometimes thy name is known ;

It tells us of the badge we wear,

To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories :

We see our faith oppressed,

And, praying for our erring land,

We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners : many a soul,

By guilt cast down, and sin,

Has learned through this dear name of thine

Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick : when anxious hearts

Watch by the sufferer's bed,

On this sweet name of thine they lean,

Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows : many a heart
Half broken by despair
Has laid its burden by the Cross
And found a mother there.

Queen of all Saints : the Church appeals
For her loved dead to thee ;
She knows they wait in patient pain
“A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins : thy pure band,
The lilies round thy throne,
Love the dear title which they bear
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs : if we shrink
From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary : the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best ;
The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary : the name that Gabriel spoke,
The name that conquers hell ;
Mary, the name that through high heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary,—our comfort and our hope,—
O may that word be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,—
The first we breathe in heaven.

—*Adelaide Anne Procter (by permission of the Publishers).*

XXVII.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

PART I.

THE MESSENGER OF THE GREAT KING.

Five boys were playing in a garden by the sea-shore. It was a lovely summer day, and the light gleamed on the deep blue water; the flowers spread their bosoms to the golden sun, while the gentle breezes wafted their fragrance all around. The boys had been twining garlands and playing until they wearily threw themselves down upon the garden lawn. So intent were they with their talk that they failed to notice the approach of a stranger. His face shone as if he had been on the holy mount with God; his hands were clasped on his breast as he passed; and, when he spoke his words fell like sweetest music on the ear.

“My children,” he said, “I have brought you a message from the King of the land that is afar off beyond the ocean.” He led them through the garden gate to the golden sands. What was the boys’ surprise to see before them, dancing on the merry waves five little boats, each of pure gold, in the shape of a heart. To each boat was fastened a crystal lamp, from which the light shone like stars on a frosty night.

“These boats,” said the King’s messenger, “are yours, given you by my Master, the King. Look!”—and he pointed to an island far away—“that is the Land of Fame; if you seek it you will have to pass through many dangers. There too are the Islands of Riches, of Folly, of Luxury, and many others. Many have been

shipwrecked in trying to reach them—they are called the Islands of False Happiness. But farther away—so far that you cannot see it—is the country of the Great King. If you make for that country, and persevere in your course, He will send you His messengers to help you in times of need. Do not visit these other islands. Pass on, press on, to the country of the Great King, where all is joy and love for evermore—where He Himself will welcome you, and crown your bravery, and if you have fought with the pirates on the sea, will place in your hands the palm of victory.”

“Are there pirates on the sea?” asked one boy, timidly.

“Yes; but the King will not suffer you to be vanquished by them if you fight with valor and implore His aid. Nay, be not so cast down, nor fear the storms,” he added encouragingly, “for the King will not let you come to grief if you trust in Him in times of danger. See that your little boats are seaworthy. Now I shall give you charts which you must study carefully. In conclusion, the King wishes you to go first into the city near your home and find some sick and lonely child. Him you must carry in your boat over the sea, for the King loves you to be unselfish, and wishes you to tend and care for those whom He has seen good to leave in sorrow and suffering. And now farewell, my children—farewell!”

A bright cloud surrounded the stranger, so that the children could not tell how or whither he had gone. They loosened the cords that secured the little boats and drew them ashore.

“Well,” said one named Peter, “I am off at once, but I shall not try to take any one else. I mean to sail

for the Island of Fame; and then when I have all the pleasure it can give me, I shall start for the country of the King."

"But," said Francis, a boy with a beautiful, calm face and gentle voice, "the messenger told us exactly what the King wished us to do; and see, on our charts, the course we are to take lies away to the right of the islands. Think, too, of the dangers he warned us of."

"Dangers make a brave man's heart leap, not quail," answered Peter, proudly. "But I am not going to waste the time talking here."

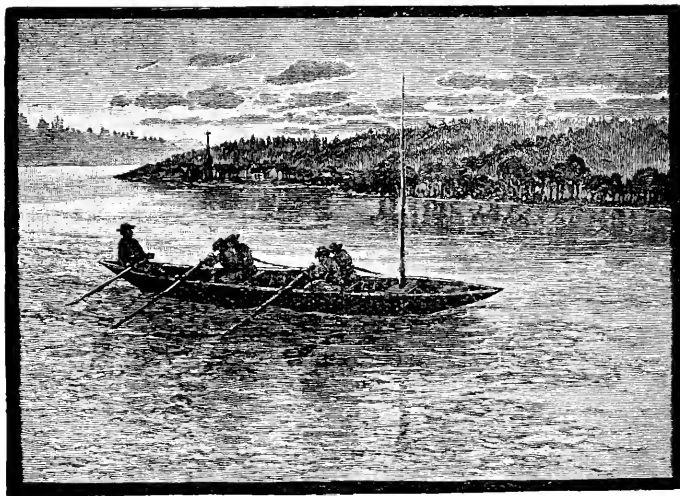
So saying, he pushed his boat out into the sea, jumped in, and, with a last ringing laugh and wave of the hand to his companions, he set off for the Islands of False Happiness.

—*Adapted.*

XXVIII.—A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.



Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;
O grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

—Thomas Moore.

XXIX.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

PART II.

PETER STARTS FOR THE ISLAND OF FAME.

Peter started with a light heart: it was so merry out on the deep sea, tossed up and down in his pretty little boat, and carried swiftly along by the breeze. At times he wondered where his companions were. And he half regretted he had started so hastily without reflecting on all the messenger had told him. Then after a while he looked at his chart, and saw that every mile toward

the Island of Fame drew him away from the country of the King. For a moment or two he thought of changing his course and making straight for that country. "But no," he said to himself, "all the more glory to me to have accomplished the double voyage. The King will surely admire my courage and give me a greater reward."

"Bravo, my young Peter!" cried some one from a boat close behind.

Peter turned around in astonishment. There, a few yards away, was a large vessel with bright scarlet sails, and only one man at the helm. His eyes were cruel and cunning; and his voice, though he tried to soften it, was harsh and rasping.

"How do you know my name," asked Peter, "and where are you going? Have you ever been to the Island of Fame?" continued he, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Is it worth my while going out of the way and running some risk to see?"

"Have I been there?" laughed the man. "Why I am one of the chief rulers: very few on the island desert my service. As to its being worth while your going out of the way, you are the best judge. I should say yes: but perhaps your courage is not equal to facing the dangers." With a few more words of mocking encouragement the pretended king started away.

Shortly after, a hurricane arose which lashed the waves into raging madness. Peter's little boat was tossed up and down, and carried round and round by the wind-driven whirlpools. Every moment the poor boy expected to be drawn down beneath the angry billows and cruel foam. Then he remembered what the King's messenger

had said about imploring the aid of the King in danger, and he clasped his hands in agony, and cried aloud to the King.

Immediately appeared a beautiful child in a pure white robe, with a crown of thorns on His brow, and wounded hands and feet. Rays of light streamed from His heart; His face was most mild and loving. He stood at the helm and guided the boat with his left hand, while he stretched forth His right hand over the waves which at His bidding sank to peace.

"My child," he said, after the storm was subdued, "follow the course I have pointed out for you. Turn from the direction you had set your erring heart upon. Make for the land that is afar off—so beautiful that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath the heart of man conceived the glory and happiness there awaiting you." And lightly caressing Peter's curly head, he vanished in a cloud of light.

"Really," said Peter, musingly, "I think I will give up going to the Island of Fame and keep straight for the King's beautiful country." For three days he kept his resolution. But on the fourth day the old man who had led him astray appeared and taunted him with cowardice. This so wounded his feelings that he decided to follow to the Island of Fame. He was all the more induced to this by a boy whom the old man had this time in his boat, and whom he was taking to the island. When they hove in sight of the trees and mountains their young hearts beat fast. And then when they were very near the island, the man left them as he said to go and encourage others who were loitering.

As they came very near the shore the boat struck against treacherous rocks, scratching the gold. An old man with a long beard passed by them in a boat. He had cast his crown into the sea and changed his purple vestment for one of coarse brown cloth. His eyes were full of tears, and his voice sad and gentle.

"My children," he called to them, "be not deceived; there is no happiness to be found there. Turn ere it be too late, and come with me to that country where alone all is never-ending bliss."

But Peter and his companion heeded him not, and he passed away. Peter was quite close now, but many came and threw stones at him that he might not land. At last he disembarked, but found that his boat was all spoiled with mud which ate into the purest metal. He obtained a purple robe and a crown from the academy. But soon he found that the island was not so blissful as he had imagined. Envy and jealousy were rife; strifes and contentions arose continually. Each wanting to be king himself spoke evil of him who was chosen. Peter himself was badly treated, and instead of returning good for evil he fought and struggled like the rest. One day when pride was gnawing at his heart he resolved to be king himself. The thought of being first overmastered him: he must be king at any cost, and then he would start with his kingly robes and crown for the country of the Great King, where he would be welcomed as a sovereign. Poor silly boy, how little he realized that the King of humility loves only the simple and lowly of heart, and recognizes no conqueror save him that overcometh the world and his own sinful passions.

Accordingly he plotted by false evil stories against the reigning monarch, until some of his fellow conspirators put the king to death. Then dreadful confusion ensued. Each wished to be king. But Peter, through his followers and by reason of great exertions, secured the crown. "Now at last," he said to himself, "I shall be happy." But he was never so wretched before. He was haunted by the fear of being betrayed; he doubted everyone; his heart was sore with the biting words of his enemies. At times he thought he would set sail for the king's country, but the sea terrified him. His faith was shaken, and his innocence sullied. Every day the pain at his heart grew more and more unbearable. One day when he went out into the streets a man called a disgraceful name after him. Some others took it up, and mocking him, and singing jeering songs after him, they pursued him to his palace.

"It is all over now," thought Peter. "I have missed true happiness; I have lost my faith; I must die. The king will surely not receive me, as I slighted all His messages and warnings. My boat is disfigured and shattered, the pieces filthy and discolored; the sail is stained with the blood of the king I helped to kill; the cross is gone, I know not whither; I have lost my life."

He went to a cupboard, drew thence a little dark-colored vial, and raising it to his lips drained it to the last drop. The man of the painted boat came in soon after and found poor Peter lying on his back on the ground dead, with the little vial tightly clasped in his fingers. And with a mocking laugh he bore Peter away to his own unhappy country, where all is darkness, weeping and gnashing of teeth.

—Adapted.

XXX.—THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

The wild waves tossed their snowy caps,
And raved in their frenzied glee,
While they bore on their crests a human waif,
A speck on the stormy sea,
Lashed to a part of the splintered mast
That was riven by the lightning's power,
When the quivering bolts and the crashing beams
Made the bravest seamen cower.

But a few short hours, and the good ship rode
Like a queen on the waters wide ;
And the name she bore was a queen's indeed—
They had called her Albion's Pride ;
And now, full many a fathom below,
She lies a shapeless thing,
And the sea-birds sing, and the wild waves chant
The lost ship's requiem.

And this one spared out of all her crew,
Tender in years and fair,
With his mother's blessing still on his brow,
And his mother's fervent prayer
Offered for him, her darling,
Her widowed heart's one joy,
That God would save from the sailor's grave
Her Shemus, the cabin boy.

And now, as the blinding surf enfolds
His form as he clings to the mast,
He feels that each wave, as it bears him aloft,
May be for him the last ;
He bows his head on his trembling hands,

And his tears fell fast like the rain
When he thinks of his home in the Ulster hills
He never may see again.

He feels on his neck for the rosary
That his mother's hand placed there,
When she charged him, "Be true to the dear old Faith,
And remember the *Ave* prayer."
Quick as a flash his thoughts traverse
The desert of trackless foam,
And he sees in a vision his childhood's haunts
Around dear old Innishowen.

His mother's cot on the green hill side,
The fishermen's fleet on the bay,
And he joins with a shout of boyish delight
His former companions at play.
Once again in his dream he bounds o'er the path
Through the emerald dew-gemmed grass,
For it seems like the hour for the morning prayer—
The hour for the blessed Mass.

The chapel, the altar, the white-haired priest,
The vestments and stole wait him there,
And he serves as of old his *Soggarth aroon*,
With a hushed and reverent air ;
And joins in the prayers for the absent,
For friends far, far on the sea,
"Out of the depths I have cried, O Lord,
Lord, hear, and deliver Thou me."

And he hears like the sound of a great amen,
That brings with it infinite rest,
And the weary sea-boy sleeps on the wave,
Like a child on its mother's breast.

His prayer was heard and answered,
For one gleam of the coming day
Showed to the watch on a passing ship
The wave where the sleeper lay.

They checked the vessel's onward course,
And quickly the life-boat flew,
Manned by strong arms and gallant hearts,
The bravest of the crew.
They thought him dead, but he only slept,
So still lay the stripling's form,
And he lived to praise, with a grateful heart,
The Master Who ruled the storm.

—“*Montreal True Witness.*”

XXXI.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

PART III.

Another of the boys, Eugene, was an easy-going lad, and when once he had got his boat launched, he troubled no more about the messenger or his Master.

He watched Peter's boat skimming along, and leaving him behind. But he only smiled. His voyage was very calm, and he was surprised when he found himself so near the island. No rocks scratched his boat; he drew it up on the sands, and was warmly welcomed by the boys and girls playing on the shore. Then they took Eugene around to show him the wonders of the island.

The very shells and stones were sweet, real candy. He tasted some and they proved to be chocolate creams. All the houses were palaces of gold or silver. The trees in the woods all bore delicious fruits, and the cocoa-nuts

which grew in such abundance each contained a pretty toy.

So for weeks and weeks Eugene did nothing but eat and drink and sleep; until one day he bethought himself of his boat. When he reached it he was horrified to find great, crawling, hideous creatures that left a slimy trail after them, which no rubbing could remove. He looked for his chart and could not find it. And his pleasures had made him forget all that the King's messenger had told him.

He therefore left the boat to the crawling creatures and went back to his palace. Here he spent his time in eating and drinking and sleeping, growing lazier every day. Slaves waited upon his every wish, but he was cruel to them. Pleasure and self-indulgence made him forget all. But he was soon punished for his greediness. His liver troubled him and caused him so much pain that he had a loathing for life. Then he began to drink large doses of a kind of spirits which was supposed to cause forgetfulness.

Once he had a dream. On a bush in a garden, where he was playing with his brothers, grew large red sweet berries. He and Michael were plucking them by handfuls and eating them, when suddenly an angel appeared, and touching the bush, it withered away, and the berries fell to the ground.

Eugene awoke; and as he lay in a dark chamber he decided to start in the morning for the country of the Great King. But in the morning when the slaves drew back the curtains, and the golden sunlight streamed in at the window, he thought that no country could possibly

be more beautiful. And the spirits and the wine he drank gradually effaced the dream from his memory.

At last, one day when he felt a longing for some change he started for the seashore, but on the way drank such quantities of wine that he fell senseless on the road, and the man in the painted boat came and carried him away to the dark regions of endless pain, where those dwell who sought in this world sensual pleasure.

—*Adapted.*

XXXII.—WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill :
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

.
Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,

I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

XXXIII.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

PART IV.

Francis persuaded his brothers, Michael and John, to follow him to the city, that they might find a poor beggar boy to take with them. They did so, but wanted many times to return. Francis made them keep on till they came to a wretched hovel half in ruins. Here in a room they found three beggar children—one lame, one blind, and the third covered with loathsome leprosy. Francis invited them all, and took charge of the poor leper himself. Michael led the blind boy by the hand, while John bore the lame one in his arms. Thus they started for the seashore.

Many people flocked around them in the streets, curious to know where they were going or what they were about to do. Some mocked at them; others tried to discourage them; others again even ill-treated them. But they passed on bravely, and at last reached the shore in safety.

"Come," said Francis, "we will go and gather flowers from the garden to decorate our boats."

At the garden gate they met the King's messenger. In his hand he held three thorny crowns and three garlands of flowers.

"Choose," he said. "The crown of thorns is what your King Himself wore when He passed through this country."

"Give me what my King wore," said Francis, taking a thorny crown and pressing it on his head. The other two boys chose the flowers—Michael a garland of blue and white violets, and John a crown of crimson roses.

Soon after they had embarked Michael besought Francis to keep near him, for he was afraid of being left alone.

"Yes, we will keep as close as possible," answered Francis, "and we shall thus encourage one another."

The sea was rough, and violent winds swept across the water. Their boats drifted so far apart that in the deepening gloom of night they could not even see one another. They seemed in danger. Then Francis knelt in his boat and prayed not only for himself, but also for his companions.

The enemy drew near, and with a loud mocking laugh, cried: "Ha, John, seest thou the clouds and the angry sea? Thou wilt never reach that distant shore. Come with me; I will help and guide thee to the Islands of Riches and Pleasure and Fame. Come, for thou wilt never reach the country thou art seeking."

"No, no, John, do not go," said the lame boy. "This is an enemy. See, his boat is not gold like ours; and his sails are not white."

But John no longer having Francis at hand to encourage him, gave way and followed the enemy, begging only to be taken quickly from the storm and the dangers.

The little lame boy resolved not to follow the tempting foe. He cast himself into the sea, praying to the King to deliver him. And lo! two angels bore him away, and laid him at the feet of the King, who kissed him tenderly and gave him a glorious crown for his patience in suffering and a heavenly harp that he might sing the song of those who are redeemed.

John in the meantime was tempted to land on the Island of Riches, where he picked up so much gold—for even the stones were money—that he locked himself up in a large cellar to count it. But when he wished to leave it, he could not unfasten the door. No one knew where he was—so that he died of starvation in the midst of gold which had brought him no happiness.

All this while Francis and Michael remained steadfast in spite of storms and the attacks of enemies. They trusted the promises of the King, and knew they would land safely home. At last an adverse wind drove them apart again. And Francis looking out for his companion saw a bright light in the distance. His heart beat fast, for he knew it was the promised land. A high wall of shining jasper built on all kinds of precious stones rose before him. Through a gate of pearl he saw the streets of the city of pure gold, like crystal, glittering in the light of the glory of God and of the Lamb. And he heard the voice of many waters and the voice of a great multitude, the sound of harpers, singing: "Alleluia! for the Lord God reigneth."

But suddenly all round him he saw huge monsters, and heard loud mocking cries of hatred and jealous despair. The atmosphere became thick and dark. He looked for the leper to whom he had been so kind, but he was gone, and Francis was alone in the darkness.

He knelt and prayed: "Lord, save me: I perish." The storm ceased—the air became bright and clear again. He was just at the shore of the eternal sea, at the very gates of the city.

As his boat touched the shore the pearly gate opened. There, amid countless throngs of angels and saints, stood the King, who wore a crown of thorns, which shone like no earthly light. His welcoming, outstretched hands were pierced. He smiled so kindly as He drew Francis to His breast, and the love from His heart thrilled the boy's soul while a chorus of praise rang through the courts as the King said: "Faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

And there amongst the great multitude of white-robed saints, Francis saw his brother Michael and the poor leper boy joining in the eternal song of praise. What joy! They were home at last in the beautiful country of the great King.

—Adapted.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

XXXIV.—A VISION.

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
Drearly waileth the chill night breeze.
The long grass waveth, the tombs are white,
And the black clouds flit o'er the chill moonlight.

Silent is all save the dropping rain,
When slowly there cometh a mourning train ;
The lone churchyard is dark and dim,
And the mourners raise a funeral hymn.

“Open, dark grave, and take her ;
Though we have loved her so,
Yet we must now forsake her,
Love will no more awake her,
 (O bitter woe !)
Open thine arms and take her
To rest below !

“Vain is our mournful weeping,
Her gentle life is o'er ;
Only the worm is creeping,
Where she will soon be sleeping
 Forevermore :
Nor joy nor love is keeping
For her in store !”

Gloomy and black are the cypress trees,
And drearily wave in the chill night breeze.
The dark clouds part and the heavens are blue,
Where the trembling stars are shining through.

Slowly across the gleaming sky,
A crowd of white angels are passing by.
Like a fleet of swans they float along,
Or the silver notes of a dying song.

Like a cloud of incense their pinions rise,
Fading away up the purple skies.
But hush ! for the silent glory is stirred
By a strain such as earth has never heard :

“Open, O Heaven ! we bear her,
This gentle maiden mild,
Earth’s grief we gladly spare her,
From earthly joys we tear her,
Still undefiled ;
And to thine arms we bear her,
Thine own, thy child.

“Open, O Heaven ! no morrow
Will see this joy o’ercast ;
No pain, no tears, no sorrow,
Her gentle heart will borrow ;
Sad life is past ;
Shielded and safe from sorrow,
At home at last.”

But the vision faded, and all was still
On the purple valley and distant hill.
No sound was there save the wailing breeze,
The rain, and the rustling cypress trees.

—*Adelaide Anne Procter (by permission of the Publishers).*

A wicked intention destroys the good which we do, and
a good intention is not sufficient to excuse the evil which it
produces.

—*St. Bernard.*

XXXV.—ACRES OF TURTLE-EGGS.

One pleasant evening, a few years ago, a young lad and an Indian guide landed from a canoe on a great bank of sand that extended for miles along the river Amazon. Here they made preparations for passing the night. A heap of dry driftwood was collected, and a large fire kindled to keep off the wild beasts that haunt those savage shores. The travellers were to keep watch in turn.

The lad, whose turn came first, seating himself upon a pile of sand that he had gathered up, did his best to keep awake. But in about an hour he fell into a nap, from which he was awakened by sliding down the sand-hill, and tumbling over on his side. He arose and rubbed his eyes. He then looked around to see if any creature had ventured near.

He had scarcely turned his head when he perceived a pair of eyes glancing at him from the other side of the fire. Close to them he saw another pair, then another, and another, until, having looked on every side, he saw himself surrounded by a complete circle of glittering eyes! It is true they were small eyes, and some of the heads which he could see by the blaze were small. They had an ugly look, like the heads of serpents.

Brought suddenly to his feet, the lad stood for some moments uncertain how to act, as he felt that a movement on his part would be the signal for attack.

He now saw that the snake-like heads were attached to large oval bodies, and that, besides the half-hundred or so that surrounded the fire, there were whole droves

upon the sandy beach beyond. As far as he could see on all sides, the white surface was literally covered with black moving masses; and where the rays of the moon fell upon the beach, there was a broad belt that glistened and sparkled, like pieces of glass in constant motion. A singular sight it was, and most fearful. For his life he could not make out what it meant, or by what sort of wild creatures he was surrounded.

His view was indistinct; but he could see that their bodies were not larger than those of small sheep; and, from the way in which they glistened under the moon, he was sure they were water animals and had come out of the river. He did not stay to speculate any longer. He resolved to wake the guide, who started to his feet in some alarm. The noise and movements had their effect on the nocturnal visitors; for, before the lad could explain himself, those creatures immediately round the fire, and for some distance beyond, rushed to the shore, and were heard plunging by hundreds into the water.

The Indian's ear caught the sounds, and his eyes, after ranging along the sandy shore, took in at a glance the whole thing.

"Turtles," he said.

"Oh," said the young man; "turtles, is it?"

"Yes, master," replied the guide. "This is, I suppose, one of their great hatching places. They are going to lay their eggs in the sand. They do so every year."

These large turtles assemble from all parts of the river. Each one of these armies chooses for itself a place to breed—some sandy island or great sand-bank. This they approach very cautiously, reconnoitering it with

only their heads above water. They then crawl ashore at night in vast multitudes, and each turtle, with the strong crooked claws of her hind feet, digs a hole in the sand three feet in diameter and two feet deep. In this she deposits her eggs—from seventy to one hundred and twenty in number—white, hard-shelled, and in size between the egg of a pigeon and that of a hen.

She then covers the whole with sand, levelling the top to make it look like the rest of the surface, so that the precious treasure may not be found by vultures, jaguars, or any other beasts of prey. When this is done, the labor of the turtle is at an end. The great army betakes itself to the water, and scatters in every direction. The sun, acting upon the hot sand, does the rest; and in less than six weeks the young turtles, about one inch in diameter, crawl out of the sand and at once find their way to the water.

They are afterwards seen in shallow pools or lakes far from the place where they were hatched. How they find these pools, or whether the mothers distinguish their own young and conduct them thither, as do crocodiles and alligators, no one knows. An old female turtle is frequently seen swimming with as many as a hundred little ones after her. It would seem impossible that each turtle-mother should know her own young; yet there may be some maternal instinct that guides her to distinguish her own offspring from all the rest. Who can say?

—*Mayne Reid.*

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

XXXVI.—THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

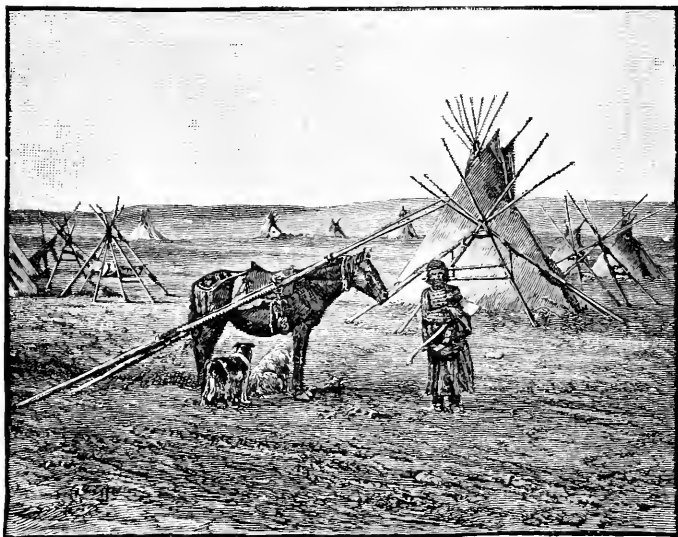
—*James Russell Lowell.*

XXXVII.—THE INDIANS AT HOME.

When the Indian chiefs and their braves were away on the war-path they very seldom took their wives and children with them. The families remained at home in the camps or villages, the squaws with the little babies, and the young boys and girls, all living together very happily, while their husbands, fathers or brothers were absent on their terrible raids.

No doubt the young boys of the camp looked with longing eyes after the warriors in war-paint and feathers, wishing that they, too, might go along. Yet the life of an Indian boy or girl of long ago was a very happy life. Indeed to us it seems to have been nothing but a big picnic, lasting all the year round. There, in the large clearing bordered with a thick, dark forest of trees, was

the group of bark wigwams which formed their camp or village. Near by might be seen the gleam of the waters of a lake, a river, or a stream. In front of the wigwams sat the "squaws," busily engaged in making clothes of skins, shaping moccasins, weaving fish-nets, making willow wands into baskets, or moulding clay into pots and kettles.



All around them were the boys and girls merrily playing, laughing, brown-skinned, happy savages, without a care in the world. They did not need to worry about school or about lessons, for their only school-room was the great world; and the only lessons they learned were those taught them by the flowers, the birds, the trees, and the animals. But how free they were, girls

as well as boys. The girls were allowed perfect liberty till they were old enough to help with the work of the camp (for the women do all the work in an Indian camp), or to marry some young brave. So they played ball together, they fished in the streams, they climbed the trees, they hunted the animals in the woods with their bows and arrows, they dived like fishes in the cool waters, they ran long races with one another.

But the Indian boy's great ambition was to be a great warrior like his father. From the time when as a little "papoose" he was strapped into his little wooden box, and laid at the foot of a tree in the sun, or carried long miles on his mother's back, his little staring, bead-like eyes, in a round, copper-colored face, had looked out on many strange scenes of adventure. He had seen his father and other braves painting their faces, dancing the war-dance, screeching the war-whoop, and scalping and torturing prisoners.

When a young Indian boy grew to be a man, he was allowed by the custom of his nation to change his name. He could take a name that told the story of something he had done, some great deed or wonderful exploit of strength or courage. Sometimes he took his name from things around him—mountains, hills, valleys, groves, or as he loved all animals he could take his name from them, as did the great Huron chief we read of, who was called the Rat.

When the Indians returned from their wars or their attacks on the white people, they very often brought back prisoners with them. Strange to say they were usually very kind to all such excepting those whom

they kept to torture. Sometimes little white children would be brought in. The Indian mothers received them very kindly, and they grew up with their little Indian brothers, contented and happy. For the Indians were not unkind to their children, and very seldom punished them. When they did punish them, it was usually by throwing water over them.

Sometimes when the white settlers came to claim their children from the Indians, they could hardly tell their own white children from the savage ones. One mother tried in vain to get back her boy, who, stolen when a little child and now grown to be a stalwart brave, clung more to his Indian mother than to the strange white woman, whom he scarcely remembered. Another mother could not get her daughter to remember her until she started to sing a song she had sung to her as a little child. Then the girl burst into tears at the sound of her mother's voice, which she had missed for so long a time. A young Indian brave had grown to love his white sister so much that when they took her away he followed her, glad if he could lie around the camp fire at night and watch over her.

The savage red-man was not wholly wild and wicked; he was often very kind, noble and true-hearted when treated fairly by his white brothers.

—*Katherine A. Young* (author of "*Stories of the Maple Land*").

It is not just as we take it,
This wonderful world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

XXXVIII.—HIAWATHA AND THE BLACK-ROBE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

Towards the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
Came a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.
And within it came a people
From the farthest realms of morning,
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He, the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :

"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you ;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you."

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary."

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
Came to bid the strangers welcome,
Waiting to receive their message :
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us !"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told them of the holy Virgin,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour :
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

XXXIX.—THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

From the last of May to the end of July, in the northern part of the Scandinavian Peninsula, the sun shines both by day and by night upon the mountains, the fiords, the rivers, the lakes, the forests, the valleys, the towns, the villages, the fields, and the farms. For this reason, Norway and Sweden may be called the Land of the Midnight Sun. During this period of continuous daylight, the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale and sheds no bright light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the farmer to gather his harvest, which all too often is nipped by a summer frost.

A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is still warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change color, and wither and fall; the swallows fly south; twilight comes once more; the stars one by one make their appearance shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as the queen of the night, to light and cheer the long, dark days of Scandinavian winter. The time comes at last, when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and both moon and stars pale before the aurora borealis.

How great the contrast between winter and summer in the peninsula of Scandinavia! In December, in the

far north, a sunless sky hangs over the country; for the days of continuous sunshine in summer, there are now as many days without the sun appearing above the horizon. During that time, even at the end of December, which is the darkest period, one can read in clear weather from eleven o'clock in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon without artificial light; but if it is cloudy, or the snow is falling, lamps are needed. The moon takes the place of the sun, the stars shine bright, the atmosphere is pure and clear, and the sky is very blue. The aurora sends its flashes and streamers of light high up towards the zenith, presenting a spectacle never to be forgotten. I have travelled in many lands, and within the tropics, but have never seen such glorious nights as those of winter in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The long twilights which, farther south, blend the evening and the morning into one, are here succeeded by long dark nights, and short days. All nature seems to be in deep repose; the gurgling brook is silent; the turbulent streams are frozen; the waves of the lakes upon which the summer sun had played, strike no more on the pebbled shores; long crystal icicles hang from the mountain sides and ravines; the rocks upon which the water dripped in summer appear like sheets of glass. The land is clad in a mantle of snow, and the pines are the winter jewels of the landscape. Day after day, the atmosphere is so still that not a breath of wind seems to pass over the hills; but suddenly, these periods of repose are succeeded by dark and threatening skies, and violent tempests. On the Norwegian Coast fearful and terrific storms lash the sea with fury, breaking the waves into a thousand fragments on the ragged, rocky shores. Under

the fierce winds, the pines bend their heads, the mountain snow is swept away with blinding force, and roads and houses are buried beneath its drifts.

Summer is the best season in which to visit the cities of Scandinavia. The month of June, especially the last two weeks, is the most pleasant time of the year. Rich and poor pass their leisure hours in the open air, and in the afternoons and evenings the pleasure gardens and parks are thronged with people.

The breaking up of the long winter opens the ice blockade to the north, and at first the docks are lively with the loading and re-loading of vessels bound for ports of the Baltic and other European ports of all nations. The longest days in the south of Sweden have come. The sun rises in Stockholm from the seventeenth to the twenty-first of June at a quarter to three in the morning, and sets about a quarter after nine in the evening. For many days there is no darkness, and only about three hours of twilight. After that the days shorten gradually, minute by minute, until September, when in this latitude the sun rises at six in the morning and sets at five in the evening.

—Paul Du Chaillu, from "*The Land of the Midnight Sun*"
(by permission of the Publishers).

A mother's love—how sweet the name!

What is a mother's love?

A noble, pure, and tender flame,

Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould;

The warmest love that can't grow cold;

This is a mother's love.

—J. Montgomery.

XL.—OH ! BALMY AND BRIGHT.

Oh ! balmy and bright as moonlit night,
Is the love of our Blessed Mother ;
It lies like a beam
Over life's cold stream,
And life knows not such another,
Oh, life knows not such another !

The month of May with a grace a day
Shines bright with our Blessed Mother ;
The angels on high
In the glorious sky,
Oh, they know not such another,
Nay, they know not such another !

The angels' Queen, the beautiful Queen,
Is the sinner's patient mother ;
With pardon and peace
And the soul's release,
Where shall we find such another ?
Where shall we find such another ?

O Mary's Heart, the Immaculate Heart,
The Heart of the Saviour's Mother ;
All heaven shows bright
In its clear, sweet light
God hath not made such another,
God hath not made such another.

But Mary's love, her plentiful love,
Lives not in earthly mother ;
'Twill show us at last,
When the strife is past,
Our merciful God as our Brother,
Our merciful God as our Brother !

XLI.—THE LEGEND ON THE LOCKET.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and, after a hurried preparation, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without, the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall as I opened the door made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood at the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some weird yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in when she addressed me :

“Father, can you come with me at once? My mother is dying, and she is in trouble.”

“Come inside, my little girl,” I said, “and warm yourself. You must be half frozen.”

“Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold.” I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

“Your mother’s name, my child?”

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you need not be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snow-flakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly, youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked! more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

“Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look.”

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend—

“Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.”

“Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father.” And kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence. I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me: and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate this fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve—oh, so gently!

“This is the place, Father,” she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness: and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to await her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of Death had touched her brow, upon

which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love such as I have rarely seen, received the last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed, as the time passed on, that her eyes frequently turned towards a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked.

She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress?" I said.

She whispered, and there was love in her tones: "My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed: she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of the child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago.

The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say :

'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'

She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling: 'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.'"

With the last syllable her voice faded into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

—*Father Finn.*

XLII.—NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR BOY.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
 Armed in our island every freeman ;
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;
 And aye was bent his longing brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain half-way over,
 With envy—*they* could reach the white,
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious ; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched : such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder ;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail —no rudder !

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering ;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger,
 And in his wonted attitude
 Addressed the stranger :

“Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned !
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
 “But, absent long from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt !” Napoleon said ;
 “Ye’ve both my favor fairly won :
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonapartè.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

When St. Aloysius was at school he never sought to excuse himself when he was reproached with anything. If he was wrong, he was wrong ; if he was right, he said to himself : “I have certainly been wrong some other time.”

XLIII.—CHASE OF THE PET FAWN.

A pretty little fawn had been brought in from the woods when very young and nursed and petted until it had become perfectly tame. It was graceful as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite.

One morning after gamboling about, as usual, until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the door-step of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter, and who still kept several hounds, one of which came with him to the village on this occasion.

The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped. The little animal saw him and sprang to its feet. Notwithstanding it had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them, yet it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand.

In an instant a change came over it; it was the rousing of instinct in that beautiful creature. Its whole character and appearance seemed changed: all its habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing.

In another instant, before the spectators had thought of danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it. Several persons instantly followed its track. The

friends who had long fed and fondled it were calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

The hunter endeavored to call back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake and thrown itself into the water. For a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, but it was soon undeceived. The hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen village dogs joined blindly in pursuit.

A crowd collected on the bank—men, women and children—anxious for the fate of the little animal. Some jumped into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey. The splashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature, where it once had been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest, and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On swam the fawn, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies.

As it approached the land, the excitement became intense. The hunter was already on the same side of the lake, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the

animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land; in one leap it crossed the line of beach, and in another instant it was in the woods.

The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore. His master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed and was now coming up at a most critical moment. Would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him?

A shout from the villagers proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed.

A number of men and boys dispersed themselves through the wood in search of their favorite; but without success. They returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord.

It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showed a collar with her name upon it.

He said that he had been out in the woods and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal instead of bound-

ing away, as he had expected, moved toward him, and he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sorry that he had killed it. Thus the poor thing lost its life. One would have thought that such a terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it.

—Cooper.

XLIV.—ST. PATRICK.

Full steep uprose the grassy hill,
And steep it downward fell;
Sparkling, amid the moss and fern,
Sprang forth a crystal well.

Above, the branching trees so green,
Below, the lake's clear wave,
Where mirror'd lie the mountains dark,
Whose feet its water's lave.

There stands, in solemn, earnest speech,
A man of awful brow,
Upon whose words do listening hang,
Crowds, trembling, weeping now.

Crowds, wild, untaught, of savage eye,
Untamed and fierce of mood;
The wild deer's hide, or war wolf's skin,
Their vesture scant and rude.

He speaks—that stern, yet winning man,
Of Jesus' saving blood,
That stream'd on Calvary's dark mount
From off the cruel rood.

He telleth of our Lady dear,
Whose love is ever nigh ;
Of heavenly hosts that us do aid
With holy prayers on high.

He telleth of Rome's city, where
Christ's vicar reigns in might ;
Of golden key St. Peter left,
To ope heaven's portal bright.

At touch of holy, cleansing flood,
How sin and hell do flee ;
How the dear feast of Jesus' Blood
Is spread for such as we.

Of sin he speaketh, and the tears
Stain many a rugged cheek ;
Of pardoning grace—that grace to share
Soon eager crowds do seek.

Still eager press they on, to where
Springs forth the crystal well ;
Ah, Christ ! what child-like souls were there
On whom Thy blessing fell.

The blessing theirs, of who believe
Without or touch or sight ;
O Lord ! forgive our harden'd hearts,
Where sinful pride hath might !

Give us a miracle, we say,
And then we will believe ,
Ah ! were but ours the humble faith,
That will heaven's grace receive.

Sparkled the morning dew, while rose
The sun o'er lake and fell,
When the Saint his holy work began,
By that clear mountain well. .

Press on the crowds, and press yet more
The cleansing grace to share ;
For heaven's garners gather'd there
A harvest rich and fair.

Fell o'er the grassy slope the dew
Of sultry summer's e'en ;
Red o'er the lake did set the sun,
Ere done that work, I ween.

Parted the Saint—'mid tear and prayer—
Far o'er the salt sea-wave ;
But budded forth the seed he sow'd
Here, and beyond the grave.

And when—his life's toil o'er—to die,
Weary he laid him down ;
A bright array he found on high,
Of gems to grace his crown.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good at anything else.

XLV.—THE TWO HERD BOYS.

Two boys named Otto and Hans used to spend most of their time taking care of small herds of cows. There was a deep hollow between the pastures situated on the side of a mountain in Germany. One day, rambling around, I came upon them, and met Otto first, for he was nearer the town where I was staying.

“How much,” I asked him, “do you get for taking care of the cattle?”

“I am to have four dollars for the whole summer,” he answered. “But it doesn’t go to me; it is for father. I make more money by knitting, and that’s for my winter clothes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit.”

“I see,” I said; “it is a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don’t know their boy? He has not got them out of the woods yet.”

“Yes, they know him,” said Otto, “and that’s the reason they slip away. But then cattle mind some persons better than others; I’ve seen that much.” Here he stopped, and seemed anxious to do as much knitting as possible.

Not bad I thought for a boy of twelve. And I resolved to pay the other lad a visit. I found him walking along the mountain side with his eyes fixed on the ground.

The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways, and they began immediately to move towards the forest.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said. "Have you lost something?"

He replied that he had not, and that he was not looking for anything. But his manner as well as his restless look convinced me that he was searching for something real or fancied.

I crossed over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"

"No," Otto answered, "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. But Hans is looking, sir, for what the shepherd found about here a great many hundred years ago."

"What is that?" I asked.

"He is looking for the key-flower, sir," was the boy's reply.

"I wish you would tell me all about it," I said.

"Well," he began, "some say it was true, and some that it wasn't. At any rate a long, long while ago a shepherd walking along after his sheep saw a wonderful flower, the like of which he had never seen before. He stooped down and plucked it; but just as he was taking it up he saw a door in the side of a mountain.

"So in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old goblin with a white beard sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall.

"The shepherd was at first frightened, but the goblin

looked at him with a friendly air and said, 'Take what you want, and don't forget the best.'

"So the shepherd laid the flower on the table and then filled his pockets with gold and diamonds. When he had as much as his pockets would hold, the goblin said again, 'Don't forget the best.' The shepherd then filled his hat, and started away staggering under his heavy load. As he was leaving the hall, and again as he reached the door on the mountain side, the goblin's warning reached his ear, 'Don't forget the best.'

"The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around the door had disappeared; his pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best.

"Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why it was the flower which he had left on the table in the goblin's hall. That was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is open to all the treasures under ground."

As I walked down the mountain and thought of these two boys, I said to myself: There is a key-flower still growing here, and Otto has found it. Hans forgets the best all the time. Otto, happy and contented, does not work half so hard knitting as Hans does hunting for his flower. When the fall comes and the wages are paid Otto has gold which does not turn to leaves. And in his cheerful contentment he has more than gold and diamonds. And I thought again, how many a one has a key-flower in every circumstance of life, and yet we so often forget the best.

XLVI.—THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on yielding stone
With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel vision.

XLVII.—A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.

Hendrik Von Bloom, one of the Dutch settlers of Cape Colony, in Africa, had removed to the interior, among the Bushmen. Here he had a farm, covered with promising crops. One day, while he was in the field, he saw along the lower part of the sky what appeared to be a dun-colored mist or smoke, as if the plain at a great distance was on fire. Could that be so? Had some one fired the bushes? Or was it a cloud of dust?

He continued to gaze at the strange phenomenon,

which seemed to be rising higher in the sky—now resembling dust, now like the smoke of a wide-spreading conflagration, and now like a reddish cloud. It was in the west, and already the setting sun was obscured by it. It had passed over the sun's disk like a screen, and his light no longer fell upon the plain. Was it the forerunner of some terrible storm?

All at once the dark-red mass seemed to envelop the cattle upon the plain, and they could be seen running to and fro, as if affrighted. The voice of Swartboy, a Bushman who lived with Von Bloom, could now be heard crying out, "The locusts! the locusts! the locusts!" Swartboy knew them well. Although he announced their approach in a state of great excitement, it was the excitement of joy; for the Bushmen eat the locusts with the greatest avidity.

The children laughed, clapped their hands, and waited with curiosity until the locusts should come nearer. All had heard enough of locusts to know that they were only grasshoppers, which neither bite nor sting. Even Von Bloom himself was at first very little concerned about them. But suddenly his eye rested upon his fields of maize and buckwheat, upon his garden of melons and fruits and vegetables. A new alarm seized him. All his crops were threatened with utter destruction.

He stood watching the flight with painful emotions. But as the swarm was full half a mile distant, and appeared to be coming no nearer, he still had some hope. His countenance grew brighter. The children noticed this, and were glad, but said nothing. All stood silently watching. The swarm kept extending to the south; in

fact, it now stretched along the whole western horizon, and was gradually getting lower down; that is, its upper edge was sinking in the heavens.

Were the locusts passing off to the west? No. "They are going to roost for the night. Now we will get them in bagfuls," said Swartboy, with a pleased look. The sun had set. The cool breeze weakened the wings of the insect travellers, and they were compelled to halt for the night upon the trees, bushes, and grass. In a few minutes the dark mist that had hidden the blue rim of the sky was seen no more; but the distant plain looked as if a fire had swept over it.

Von Bloom and his companions then went to take a nearer view. On approaching the locusts they beheld a singular sight. The ground was covered with these reddish-brown creatures, in some spots to the depth of several inches. On the low bushes they were clustered on the leaves and branches, like swarms of bees. Not a leaf or blade of grass that was not covered with them. They moved not, but remained as if torpid or asleep. The heavy dews loaded their wings, and the cold of the evening had deprived them of the power of flight.

Von Bloom slept but little that night. Anxiety kept him awake. When the first ray of light appeared he rushed out. A strong breeze was blowing from the west! He had no longer any hope of escaping the terrible visitation. Half an hour afterwards the sun rose in African splendor, and its hot rays warmed the hosts of locusts into life and activity. They began to crawl about; and then, as if by one impulse, myriads rose in the air. The breeze drove them in the direction of the devoted fields.

In a few minutes they were dropping by tens of thousands upon the fields. Slow was their flight, and gentle their descent; and they presented the appearance of a shower of black snow falling in large, feathery flakes. Soon the ground was completely covered; every stalk of maize, every plant and bush, carried its hundreds. The great flight having now passed eastward of the house, the sun was again hidden by them, as if eclipsed.

At the end of two hours Von Bloom looked forth. The thickest of the flight had passed. The sun was again shining—but on what? No longer on green fields and a flowery garden. Around the house, on every side, was black desolation. Not a blade of grass, not a leaf, could be seen. The very bark was stripped from the trees, which now stood as if withered by the hand of God! A fire sweeping the ground could not have left it more naked and desolate. His house stood in the midst of a desert.

—*Mayne Reid.*

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

XLVIII.—JACK FROST.

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, " Now, I shall be out of sight ;
So, through the valley, and over the height,

 In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain ;

 But I'll be as busy as they ! "

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls ; and over the breast

 Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The glittering point of many a spear

Which he hung on its margin, far and near,

 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,

And over each pane like a fairy crept :

Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

 By the morning light were seen

Most beautiful things !—there were flowers and trees,

There were beves of birds and swarms of bees ;

There were cities and temples and towers ; and these

 All pictured in silvery sheen !

—*Hannah F. Gould.*

A great French preacher used to say that he required for his happiness three things: (1) God; (2) a friend; and (3) books.

XLIX.—THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

PART I.

When Jesus had said these things, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where there was a garden, into which he entered with his disciples.

And Judas also, who betrayed him, knew the place: because Jesus had often resorted thither together with his disciples.

Judas therefore having received a band of soldiers, and servants from the chief priests and the Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons.

Jesus therefore knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said to them: Whom seek ye? They answered him: Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith to them: I am he. And Judas also, who betrayed him, stood with them. As soon therefore as he had said to them: I am he: they went backward, and fell to the ground.

Again therefore he asked them: Whom seek ye? And they said: Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus answered, I have told you, that I am he. If therefore you seek me, let these go their way. That the word might be fulfilled, which he said: Of them whom thou hast given me, I have not lost any one. Then Simon Peter having a sword, drew it: and struck the servant of the high-priest, and cut off his right ear. And the name of the servant was Malchus. Jesus therefore said to Peter: Put up thy sword into the scabbard. The chalice which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?



DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

Then the band and the tribune, and the servants of the Jews, took Jesus, and bound him : And they led him away to Annas first, for he was father-in-law to Caiphas, who was the high-priest of that year. Now Caiphas was he who had given the counsel to the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people.

And Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple. And that disciple was known to the high-priest, and went in with Jesus into the court of the high-priest. But Peter stood at the door without. The other disciple therefore who was known to the high-priest, went out, and spoke to the portress, and brought in Peter. The maid therefore that was portress, saith to Peter : Art not thou also one of this man's disciples ? He saith : I am not.

Now the servants and ministers stood at a fire of coals, because it was cold, and warmed themselves. And with them was Peter also standing, warming himself. The high-priest therefore asked Jesus of his disciples, and of his doctrine. Jesus answered him : I have spoken openly to the world : I have always taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither all the Jews resort ; and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why askest thou me ? ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them : behold they know what things I have said.

And when he had said these things, one of the servants standing by gave Jesus a blow, saying : Answerest thou the high-priest so ? Jesus answered him : If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil : but if well, why strikest thou me ?

And Annas sent him bound to Caiphas the high-priest.

And Simon Peter was standing, and warming himself. They said therefore to him : Art not thou also one of his disciples ? He denied it, and said : I am not. One of the servants of the high-priest (a kinsman to him whose ear Peter cut off) saith to him : Did I not see thee in the garden with him ? Again therefore Peter denied : and immediately the cock crew. Then they led Jesus from Caiphās to the governor's hall. And it was morning : and they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the Pasch.

Pilate therefore went out to them, and said : What accusation bring you against this man ? They answered and said to him : If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up to thee. Pilate therefore said to them : Take him you, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said to him : It is not lawful for us to put any man to death. That the word of Jesus might be fulfilled which he said, signifying what death he should die.

Pilate therefore went into the hall again, and called Jesus, and said to him : Art thou the king of the Jews ? Jesus answered : Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told it thee of me ? Pilate answered : Am I a Jew ? Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me : what hast thou done ? Jesus answered : My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, my servants would certainly strive that I should not be delivered to the Jews : but now my kingdom is not from hence. Pilate therefore said to him : Art thou a king then ? Jesus answered : Thou sayest, that I am a king. For this was I born, and

for this came I into the world: that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice. Pilate saith to him: What is truth?

And when he said this he went out again to the Jews, and saith to them: I find no cause in him. But you have a custom that I should release one unto you at the pasch: will you therefore that I release unto you the king of the Jews? Then cried they all again, saying: Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber.

—*St. John xviii.*

L.—GIVE ME THY HEART.

With echoing steps the worshippers
Departed one by one:
The organ's pealing voice was stilled,
The vesper hymn was done;
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,
One lamp alone with trembling ray,
Told of the Presence there!

In the dark church she knelt alone;
Her tears were falling fast;
"Help, Lord," she cried, "the shadows of death
Upon my soul are cast!
Have I not shunned the path of sin,
And chosen the better part?"
What voice came through the sacred air?
"*My child, give me thy heart!*"

“Have I not laid before Thy shrine
My wealth, O Lord?” she cried;
“Have I kept aught of gems or gold,
To minister to pride?
Have I not bade youth’s joys retire,
And vain delights depart?”
But sad and tender was the voice,—
“*My child, give me thy heart!*”

“Have I not, Lord, gone day by day
Where Thy poor children dwell;
And carried help, and gold, and food?
O Lord, Thou knowest it well!
From many a house, from many a soul
My hand bids care depart:”—
More sad, more tender, was the voice,—
“*My child, give me thy heart!*”

“Have I not worn my strength away
With fast and penance sore?
Have I not watched and wept?” she cried;
“Did thy dear Saints do more?
Have I not gained Thy grace, O Lord,
And won in heaven my part?”
It echoed louder in her soul,—
“*My child, give me thy heart!*”

“For I have loved thee with a love
No mortal heart can show;
A love so deep, my Saints in heaven
Its depths can never know:
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,
Man’s sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine!

“I loved thee ere the skies were spread ;
My soul bears all thy pains ;
To gain thy love my Sacred Heart
In earthly shrines remains :
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,
Without one gift divine,
Give it, my child, thy heart to me,
And it shall rest in mine !”

In awe she listened, and the shade
Passed from her soul away ;
In low and trembling voice she cried,
“ Lord, help me to obey !
Break Thou the chains of earth, O Lord,
That bind and hold my heart ;
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,
Let none with Thee have part.

“ Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred fire !
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within its depths :
Let heavenly love begin.
That sacred flame Thy Saints have known,
Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou above all the rest forever,
And all the rest in Thee.”

The blessing fell upon her soul ;
Her angel by her side
Knew that the hour of peace was come ;
Her soul was purified :
The shadows fell from roof and arch,
Dim was the incensed air,—
But Peace went with her as she left
The sacred Presence there !

—*Adelaide Anne Procter (by permission of the Publishers).*

LI.—THE PASSION.

PART II.

Then therefore Pilate took Jesus, and scourged him.

And the soldiers plating a crown of thorns, put it upon his head: and they put on him a purple garment.

And they came to him, and said: Hail, king of the Jews: and they gave him blows.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith to them: Behold I bring him forth unto you, that you may know that I find no cause in him.

(Jesus therefore came forth bearing the crown of thorns, and the purple garment.) And he saith to them: Behold the Man.

When the chief priests therefore and the servants had seen him, they cried out, saying: Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith to them: Take him you, and crucify him; for I find no cause in him. The Jews answered him: We have a law; and according to the law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. When Pilate therefore had heard this saying, he feared the more.

And he entered into the hall again, and he said to Jesus: Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate therefore saith to him: Speakest thou not to me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and I have power to release thee? Jesus answered: Thou shouldest not have any power against me, unless it were given thee from above. Therefore he that hath delivered me to thee, hath the greater sin,

And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him. But the Jews cried out, saying: If thou release this man, thou art not Cesar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Cesar.

Now when Pilate had heard these words, he brought Jesus forth; and sat down in the judgment-seat, in the place that is called Lithostrotos, and in Hebrew Gab-batha. And it was the parasceve of the pasch, about the sixth hour, and he saith to the Jews: Behold your king. But they cried out: Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith to them: Shall I crucify your king? The chief priests answered: We have no king but Cesar.

Then therefore he delivered him to them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him forth. And bearing his own cross he went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew Golgotha. Where they crucified him, and with him two others, one on each side, and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title also: and he put it upon the cross. And the writing was: Jesus of Nazareth the king of the Jews.

This title therefore many of the Jews did read: because the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin. Then the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate: Write not, the king of the Jews; but that he said: I am the king of the Jews. Pilate answered: What I have written, I have written. The soldiers therefore when they had crucified him, took his garments (and they made four parts, to every soldier a part) and also his coat. Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

They said then one to another: Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it whose it shall be; that the scripture might be fulfilled, saying: "They have parted my garments among them: and upon my vesture they have cast lot." And the soldiers indeed did these things. Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen.

When Jesus therefore had seen his mother and the disciple standing, whom he loved, he saith to his mother: Woman, behold thy son. After that, he saith to the disciple: Behold thy mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own. Afterwards Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst. Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, put it to his mouth. Jesus therefore when he had taken the vinegar, said: It is consummated. And bowing his head, he gave up the ghost.

Then the Jews (because it was the parasceve) that the bodies might not remain upon the cross on the sabbath-day (for that was a great sabbath-day) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. The soldiers therefore came: and they broke the legs of the first, and of the other that was crucified with him.

But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water. And

he that saw it hath given testimony : and his testimony is true. And he knoweth that he saith true ; that you also may believe. For these things were done that the scripture might be fulfilled : You shall not break a bone of him. And again another scripture saith : They shall look on him whom they pierced.

After these things Joseph of Arimathea (because he was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews) besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus. And Pilate gave leave. He came therefore and took away the body of Jesus.

And Nicodemus also came, he who at first came to Jesus by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight.

They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.

Now there was in the place, where he was crucified, a garden ; and in the garden, a new sepulchre, wherein no man yet had been laid.

There therefore because of the parasceve of the Jews, they laid Jesus, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

—*St. John xix.*

LII.—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory.

—*Charles Wolfe.*

LIII.—THE BIRCH.

Every boy and girl knows how useful the pine tree has been to Canada. It has formed nearly all our country houses. In fact we may say that we have lived in the pine. Its vast trunk has formed the masts of ships. Its planks have paved our cities, while its bark has tanned the leather of our boots. But the pine forests are gone. Their logs have been carried down streams and lakes, in millions, to be brought to the great markets of the world. The pine trees are still to be found in more remote parts. But there is another tree which is quite plentiful in Canada and very useful. It is the birch. It stays more at home than the pine, or if it does travel it does not tower over ship-deck like the pine mast. It has a great many humble every-day uses, and can be turned to more account than any other tree.

It seems to be made especially for the woodman and the camper. It is a magazine, a furnishing store set up in the wilderness, whose goods are free to every comer. The whole equipment of the camp lies folded in it, and comes forth at the beck of the woodman's axe; tent, waterproof roof, boat, camp utensils, buckets, cups, plates, spoons, napkins, tablecloths, paper for letters or your journal, torches, candles, kindling-wood and fuel. The canoe-birch yields you its vestments with the utmost liberality. Ask for its coat, and it gives you its waistcoat also. Its bark seems wrapped about it layer upon layer, and comes off with great ease. We saw many rude structures and cabins shingled and sided with it.

Near a maple-sugar camp there was a large pile of birch-bark sap-buckets,—each bucket made of a piece of bark about a yard square, folded up as a tinman folds up a sheet of tin to make a square vessel, the corners bent around against the sides and held by a wooden pin. When, one day, we were overtaken by a shower in travelling through the woods, our guide quickly stripped large sheets of the bark from a near tree, and we had each a perfect umbrella as by magic. When the rain was over, and we moved on, I wrapped mine about me like a large leather apron, and it shielded my clothes from the wet bushes. When we came to a spring, our guide would have a birch-bark cup ready, before any of us could get a tin one out of his knapsack, and I think water never tasted so sweet as from one of these bark cups. It is exactly the thing. It just fits the mouth, and it seems to give new virtues to the water.

In our camp we made a large birch-bark box to keep the butter in; and the butter in this box, covered with some leafy boughs, I think improved in flavor day by day. In camp our guide often drank his tea and coffee from a bark cup; the china closet in the birch-tree was always handy, and our vulgar tinware was generally a good deal mixed, and the kitchen-maid not at all particular about dish-washing. We all tried the oatmeal with the maple syrup in one of these dishes, and the stewed mountain cranberries, using a birch-bark spoon, and never found service better. Our guide declared he could boil potatoes in a bark kettle, and I did not doubt him. Instead of sending our soiled napkins and table-spreads to the wash, we rolled them up into candles and torches, and drew daily upon our stores in the forest for new ones.

But the great triumph of the birch is of course the bark canoe. What a wild, free, sylvan life it promised as I saw it first. Its supple curves and swells, its sinewy stays, its tomahawk stem and stern rising quickly and sharply from its frame, all vividly suggested the Indian race from which it came. Three trees contribute to the making of a canoe besides the birch, namely, the white cedar for ribs and lining, the spruce for fibres to sew its joints and bind its frame, and the pine for pitch to stop its seams and cracks. When finished it looks more like the thought of a poet than the design of a savage. It is one of the fairest flowers blooming on the thorny plant of necessity.

—*Adapted from Burroughs.*

LIV.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er ;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth ;—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun ;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot :
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest ;
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men .

And had he not high honor,—
The hill-side for his pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ;—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God ?

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him He loved so well !

—*Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.*

LV.—THE WOODPECKER.

One of my winter neighbors that rap most regularly at my door is the woodpecker. His retreat is a cavity in the decayed limb of an old apple tree. This hole a red-plumed male bird drilled some few years ago. He occupied this till the spring, and then abandoned it. The next fall he began a hole in an adjoining limb, and when it was about half completed a female took possession of his old quarters.

This enraged the male very much, and he persecuted the poor bird whenever she appeared upon the scene. He would fly at her spitefully, and drive her off. After a few days of such treatment, and not succeeding by open fighting, he had recourse to an ingenious plan. He drilled a hole into the bottom of the cavity which she had striven to occupy. Light and cold being thus let in, the poor female had to leave. I saw her no more.

My bird is a genuine little savage, doubtless, but I value him as a neighbor. He is a late riser, especially if it is cold or disagreeable, and seldom leaves his tree before the school hour of nine. On the other hand, he comes home early. He lives all alone, and where his mate is I do not know.

Another point that endears woodpeckers to me is their habit of drumming in spring. They are songless birds, and yet all are musicians. The measured beat that breaks upon the silence of the forest, first three strokes following each other rapidly, then two louder ones with longer intervals between them, suggests nothing but a musical performance. The bird is not rapping at the

door of a grub; he is rapping at the door of spring. Instead of the music of the voice which so many birds possess, the woodpeckers have found out that there is music in a dry, seasoned limb, which can be called forth beneath the stroke of their beaks.

A friend of mine tells me of a woodpecker in his neighborhood that used to drum on a lightning rod. I know another bird that enjoys his leisure time drumming away on a telegraph pole, and making the wires sing.

The following year one of these drummers tapped a maple tree in front of my window in as many as fifty-six places. When the day was sunny, and the sap came oozing out, he spent most of his time there sipping out the sap. He made a row of wells near the foot of the tree, and other rows higher up, and he would hop up and down the trunk as these became filled. He was, judging from his plumage, a young bird, yet he knew which tree to tap and where to tap it. I saw where he bored several maples but no oaks or chestnuts. As spring approached he took his departure, for this kind of woodpecker rarely abounds in my vicinity, and only an odd one may be met with in the colder months.

—*J. Burroughs.*

Rise ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone ;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

LVI.—OUR OWN DEAR LAND.

Our own dear land of Maple Leaf,
So full of hope and splendor,
With skies that smile on rivers wide,
And lend them charms so tender ;
From east to west in loud acclaim
We'll sing your praise and story,
While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory,
Our own dear land !

Your flag shall ever be our trust,
Your temple our devotion,
On every lip your pæan be sung
From ocean unto ocean ;
The star that lights your glorious path
We'll hail with rapture holy,
And every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely,
Our own dear land !

—*Thomas O'Hagan (by permission of the Author).*

Dare to speak kindly, and ever be true,
Dare to do right, and you'll find your way through.
Dare to be brave in the cause of the right,
Dare with the enemy ever to fight.
Dare to be honest, good and sincere,
Dare to please God, and you never need fear.
Dare to be gentle and orderly too,
Dare shun the evil, whatever you do.
Dare to be loving and patient each day,
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say.

LVII.—THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The humming-bird is called by the Indians a "living sunbeam." And so it is; it brings into dancing, dashing, darting life all the bright colors that are folded asleep in the sunbeam. It has no voice, no sweet note for the ear; but it has life and beauty for the eye.

Nature has not bestowed every variety of her treasure on any one bird. Where she gives song and a sweet note, she clothes with a sober and modest dress. And where she lavishes her richest tints, she withholds the beauty of music. Neither does she tire the eye nor the ear. The birds of most gaudy color must be sought in the wild tropical forest; the finest singers put up their instruments after nesting time: and if you would see the richest hues of precious stones flashing from the humming-bird's feathers, you must look quickly. It is here, but in an instant it is gone.

The humming-bird is one of the busiest of feathered workers. All its tools are fitted for the particular use required. The bill is curiously made, and in each variety is suited to the particular flower it is to feed upon. Some bills are straight, and some are slightly curved, but every bill is long and sharp-pointed. Its tongue reminds us of the woodpecker. Far out beyond the end of the beak this tongue can be thrust, so that the bird can sound the depths of honeysuckle and trumpet-flower. Its food is the sweet or honey in the flower, and the insect that may happen to linger within the petals of the blossom.

And now can you see any reason why the humming-

bird should be so very small, or why its feet are so tiny and weak, while its wings are so strong and never tire? Look at the flowers when their season comes: how they lift themselves away from the ground and extend their forms far beyond the end of the twig that bears them, and away from any standing support. To reach the calyx of the flower, where the sugar is, the bird must be either as small as a bee, so that it can crawl in, or it must be able to stand on the air while its long bill and tongue reach to the bottom of the tube.

This is just what the humming-bird does. It is so small, and its wings are so strong and lively, that it can stand on the air and suck nectar from the lips of a flower, the vibrations of its wings being so rapid that no person can count or estimate them. Its little pump works briskly, and its wing hums and buzzes long. More than a hundred flowers a minute are thus made to yield their sweets. And, besides the honey, any small insect beyond the reach of the bill is touched by the tongue, and attached by the mucilage on the end of the tongue.

The humming-bird is a rare little artist. Its nest is a masterpiece of skill. In the air this bird is protected by its smallness and swiftness. In the nest its small size and its cunning are defence. The male brings the materials, and the female arranges them. The outside of the nest is of lichen or moss, and the inside of soft or woolly substance. In the most artistic manner these materials are woven together, and cemented with the bird's saliva. The finishing on the inside is composed of the finest silky fibres gathered from plants.

This pretty little fairy cradle is no larger than a large

hickory nut; is suspended from a leaf, or twig or bundle of rushes, according to the particular species of bird that builds it. The outside is covered with moss and other substances so arranged that you could scarcely tell it from a small, dry knot. The female lays in this little disguised pocket, twice a year, two pure white eggs, each about the size of a pea. Though so very small, these birds are brave. Often they defend their nests against larger birds, and against the sly attacks of a great spider that spins his net over the nest, or lies within it awaiting the return of the absent occupants.

It is not surprising that the charms of these winged jewels should have suggested the wish to win them to the condition of pets. But the little creatures will not bear confinement. They are creatures of the air, and they must be free.

The region where they are most numerous is in the tropical portions of South America. Here there are over three hundred species.

Since their richly-colored plumes have become an article of dress, the catching of these feathered dwarfs has grown into a large business. * The manner in which they are captured is thus described:

“Let us follow little Dan, the oldest and sharpest of the humming-bird hunters, as he goes out for birds. First he goes to a tree called the mountain palm. Beneath the tree are some fallen leaves fifteen feet in length; these he seizes and strips, leaving the midrib bare—a long, slender stem tapering to a point. Upon this tip he places a lump of bird-lime, to make which he had collected the thickened juice of the bread-fruit, and chewed it to the consistency of soft wax.

“Scattered over the savanna are clumps of flowering bushes, over whose crimson and snowy blossoms humming-birds are dashing, inserting their beaks into the honeyed corollas, and resting upon some bare twig preening their feathers. Cautiously creeping toward a bush, upon which one of these little beauties is resting, the hunter extends the palm-rib with its treacherous coating of gum. The bird eyes it curiously, but fearlessly, as it approaches his resting-place, even pecking at it; but the next moment he is dangling helplessly, beating the air with buzzing wings in vain efforts to escape the clutches of that treacherous gum.”

LVIII.—FARM-YARD SONG.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand ;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing ;
 The early dews are falling ;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;
The swallows skim the river's brink ;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,—
 “Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
 “Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !”

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day ;
Harness and chain are hung away ;
In the waggon-shed stand yoke and plough ;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dew's are falling ;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling,—

“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !”
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great ;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dew's are falling ;—
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye ;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling,—

“So, boss ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so !”
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, “So ! so, boss ! so ! so !”

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
The household sinks to deep repose ;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling,—

“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !”
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, “So, boss ! so !”

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

LIX.—WATERSPOUTS AT SEA.

Who has not noticed, during a sultry summer afternoon, the little whirlwind in the middle of the dusty road, caused by two breezes coming together? First there will be seen a column of light dust revolving upward; next, moving here and there, it picks up stray bits of paper and leaves; then, as its whirling grows stronger and covers more ground, it adds to its strange collection of objects small sticks and tufts of grass; at last away it goes, whirling and dancing its elfin waltz until some immovable object interferes with its freedom of movement, when it ceases its wild play, and down come the sticks and leaves and paper, and the whirlwind is gone.

In the Western United States, the same kind of whirlwind grows to such proportions that, through the thickest woods, great tracks are mown as if cut by a

giant scythe. But these big storms very appropriately receive the more dignified name of tornadoes.

On the ocean, these whirlwinds or tornadoes have, of course, no dust or trees to toss about in their giant hands, so they seize upon and suck up the water as the only plaything they can find, and, twisting it into a long glittering rope of trembling liquid, lift it up to the clouds, whence it is soon dispersed again in the form of rain. When performing such antics as these, the tornado is known as a waterspout.

The ship's crew which has so patiently steered its craft past treacherous rocks, over dangerous shoals, and through all kinds of storm, is often confronted by a new and unexpected danger—the waterspout. Waterspouts most often make their appearance beneath a black and lowering sky: but sometimes they start up mysteriously in clear weather to move along the ocean's rim in clear fantastic attitudes, looking for all the world like captive balloons dancing up and down and tugging at their ropes—now near the sea, now near the sky.

Sometimes a spout can be broken by the firing of a cannon close by; and then the singular spectacle will often be presented of the upper half of it going up into the clouds, while the lower part subsides into the sea.

According to report, a large ocean steamer once had a most uncomfortable experience with these wandering giants of the ocean, near the Bermuda Islands. There she met a cyclone upon whose outer edge hung a great number of spouts—all dancing and pirouetting here and there, twisting and turning and balancing to partners as if engaged in an elephantine quadrille.

The captain became bewildered, for whichever way he turned his steamer, he was headed off by the surrounding waterspouts. At last, just as he imagined he had steamed safely away, two of them made a rush, headed him off, and struck the starboard side of the steamer's iron bow a tremendous blow. Then there was a commotion indeed. The broken columns of water dropped in tons on the forward deck, smashing the pilot-house and bridge-ladder, tearing down thirteen ventilators, and severely wounding two sailors by dashing them to the deck. The ship staggered and rolled as the weight of water poured over her sides in a Niagara of foam and spray, and for some time she could make no headway.

While these two spouts were having their frolic with the sorely beset steamer, the others were whirling about, as if dancing in glee at the commotion they had caused. From the black clouds above, there shot down blinding streaks of lightning, which, although they missed the ship, so filled the air about her with electricity that it settled upon the metal tips of all the spars, glowing and sparkling there steadily, with the beautiful light known as "St Elmo's fire."

—*From St. Nicholas Magazine (by permission of the Publishers).*

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

LX.—THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins !

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tone of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace ;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface,—

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow ;
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore ;
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar ;

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace !

—*J. G. Whittier.*

LXI.—HOW THE MOUNTAIN WAS CLAD.

There was a deep gorge between two mountains. Through this gorge a large full stream flowed heavily over a rough and stony bottom. Both sides were high and steep, and one side was bare ; but close to its foot, and so near the stream that the latter sprinkled it with moisture every spring and autumn, stood a group of fresh-looking trees gazing upward and onward, yet unable to advance this way or that.

“What if we should clothe the mountain,” said Juniper one day to the foreign oak, to which it stood nearer than all others. The oak looked down to find out who it was that spoke, and then it looked up again without deigning a reply. The river rushed along so violently that it worked itself into a white foam ; the north wind forced its way through the gorge, and shrieked in the clefts of

the rocks; the naked mountain, with its great weight, hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we should clothe the mountain," said the juniper to the fir on the other side. "If anybody is to do it I suppose it must be we," said the fir, taking hold of its beard and glancing toward the birch. "What do you think?" But the birch peered cautiously up the mountain, which hung over it so threateningly that it seemed as if it could scarcely breathe. "Let us clothe it in God's name!" said the birch. And so, though there were but these three, they undertook to clothe the mountain. The juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the heather. The juniper seemed as though about to pass it. "Nay, take the heather along," said the fir. And the heather joined them. Soon it began to glide on before the juniper. "Catch hold of me," said the heather. The juniper did so, and where there was only a small crevice the heather thrust in a finger, and where it first had placed a finger, the juniper took hold with its whole hand. They crawled and crept along, the fir laboring on behind, the birch also. "This is well worth doing," said the birch.

But the mountain began to ponder on what manner of insignificant objects these might be that were clambering up over it. And after it had been considering the matter a few hundred years, it sent a little brook down to inquire. It was yet in the time of the spring freshets, and the brook stole on until it reached the heather. "Dear, dear heather, cannot you let me pass? I am so small." The heather was very busy; it only raised itself a little and pressed onward. In, under, and

onward went the brook. "Dear, dear juniper, cannot you let me pass? I am so small." The juniper looked sharply at it; but if the heather had let it pass, why, in all reason, I must do so too. Under and onward went the brook; and now it came to the spot where the fir stood puffing on the hill-side. "Dear, dear fir, cannot you let me pass? I am really so small," said the brook, and it kissed the fir's feet and made itself so very sweet. The fir became bashful at this, and let it pass, but the birch raised itself before the brook asked it. "Hi, hi, hi!" said the birch, and grew. "Ha, ha, ha!" said the brook, and grew. "Ho, ho, ho!" said the brook, and flung the heather and the juniper and the fir and the birch flat on their faces and backs, up and down these great hills. The mountain sat up for many hundred years musing on whether it had not smiled a little that day.

It was plain enough the mountain did not want to be clad. The heather fretted over this until it grew green again, and then started forward. "Fresh courage!" said the heather.

The juniper had half raised itself to look at the heather, and continued to keep this position, until at length it stood upright. It scratched its head, and set forth again, taking such a vigorous foothold that it seemed as though the mountain must feel it. "If you will not have me then I will have you." The fir crooked its toes a little to find out whether they were whole, then lifted one foot, found it whole, then the other, which proved also to be whole, then both of them. It first investigated the ground it had been over; next, where it had been lying, and, finally, where it should go. After this, it began to wend its way slowly along, and acted as

though it had never fallen. The birch had become most wretchedly soiled, but now rose up and made itself tidy. Then they sped onward, faster and faster upward, and on either side in sunshine and in rain. "What in the world can this be," said the mountain, all glittering with dew, as the summer sun shone down on it. The birds sang, the wood-mouse piped, the hare hopped along, and the ermine hid itself and screamed.

Then the day came when the heather could peep with one eye over the edge of the mountain. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," said the heather, and away it went. "Dear me! what is it the heather sees?" said the juniper, and moved on until it could peer up. "Oh dear, oh dear!" it shrieked, and was gone. "What's the matter with the juniper to-day?" said the fir, and took long strides onward in the heat of the sun. Soon it could raise itself on its toes and peep up. "Oh dear!" Branches and needles stood on end in wonderment. It worked its way forward, came up, and was gone. "What is it all the others see, and not I!" said the birch; and lifting well its skirts it tripped after. It stretched its whole head up at once. "Oh—oh—is not here a great forest of fir and heather, of juniper and birch standing on the tableland waiting for us?" said the birch; and its leaves quivered in the sunshine so that the dew trembled. "Ay, this is what it is to reach the goal!" said the juniper.

—*Bjornstjerne (by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).*

How empty learning and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!

LXII.—GOD IN NATURE.

There's not a tint that paints the rose
Or decks the lily fair,
Or marks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly goodness seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth ;
There's not a cloud so dark or bright,
But wisdom gave it birth.

There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean deep or air,
Where love and beauty are not found,
For God is everywhere.

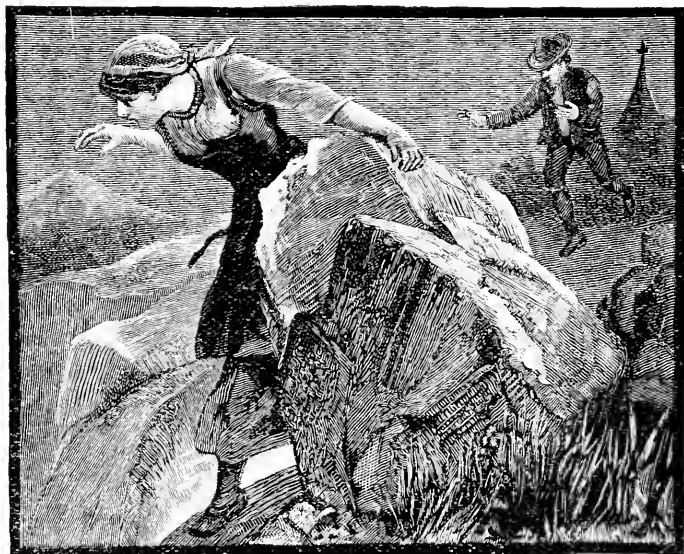
LXIII.—THE LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY.

High up in the Pyrenees mountains, not far from the Spanish border, on a hill called Mount Mary, stood a little chapel, the exterior of which was as plain as the interior was rich. Massive silver candlesticks ornamented the altar, and the walls were covered with votive tablets, the gifts of pious souls.

Over the altar, on which was a handsome tabernacle, stood a beautiful white marble statue of the Blessed

Virgin, bearing in her arms her Divine Son, and in the sanctuary hung a richly-chased silver lamp, the light from which shone through a window, far down the narrow mountain-path.

By the piety of the people, an abundance of the purest olive oil was supplied, and the lamp was kept burning



day and night. This was important, as it was a sure guide to the traveller at night. The path which led to the main road ran for some distance along the side of a precipice. The direction given to the traveller was, "Go boldly forward as long as the light of the chapel is visible, but as soon as it disappears, turn sharp to the right and fearlessly descend."

Beside the chapel was a little cottage wherein lived

the hermit-priest who ministered to the spiritual wants of the neighboring village, which was inhabited chiefly by woodmen who worked in the forests.

Among the villagers, none was so distinguished for piety and industry as the wood-cutter Peter and his wife Annette. And yet this good couple had a terrible grief tugging at their hearts. Their only child, Mary, a sweet little girl not yet three years old, had suddenly become pale and weak, and was every day growing thinner.

Such simple medicines as could be had in the village were of no avail; and to take the child to the city, which was a two days' journey, was almost impossible. All hope of saving her seemed lost, when the pious heart of Annette suggested a means of relief. This was no other than to take the child to church, and there seek help from heaven.

It was a fine autumn evening when the sorrowing parents set out for the church, Annette carrying little Mary, who was warmly wrapped up. When they reached the chapel, they found many of their neighbors there, who had stopped on their way home to visit the Blessed Sacrament.

Peter and his wife advanced to the steps leading to the sanctuary, and on these Annette laid down her precious burden. Then, kneeling, the sorrowing parents prayed long and fervently.

When they raised their heads, the chapel was deserted. All was silent, and there was no light save that of the sanctuary lamp. In that peaceful stillness, they offered up a vow to heaven that if their beloved child recovered,

she should be for the next seven years clothed in white, the emblem of her dedication to the purest of maids; and her parents would fast once a week during the same period. "Spare her, all-merciful God!" cried Peter. "Let not death touch her now that she is consecrated to Thee!"

When they prepared to leave, Mary was sleeping calmly. The next morning she was better than she had been for some time. From that day, she grew in health and virtue. For hours she would kneel at the altar absorbed in prayer, and as the mild light of the sanctuary lamp fell on her spotless garments, the villagers whispered, "See, one of God's angels!"

Six years had passed since Peter and his wife made their vow, when a change occurred which brought care and sorrow to their home. About this time, two strange men with their families settled in the mountains. They were a rough set and avoided the villagers, and though no one knew anything about them, there was evidently a mystery connected with them.

Shortly after their arrival, Peter's habits began to change. Instead of hurrying home from his work, as had been his custom, he was out until late. His old cheerful manner was gone; there was evidently some secret which he strove to keep from his wife.

His conduct deeply affected Annette and their child. One day, little Mary knelt in her usual place before the altar. The poor child was very sad; she was thinking of the change that had come over their once happy home. Earnestly she prayed for her father, whom she deeply loved, and before the altar she offered herself to

God, through His Blessed Mother, for her father's return to his former pious life.

The newcomers were smugglers, who were engaged in carrying French goods into Spain without paying duty on them. They wanted some man to join them who was familiar with the mountain-passes, and fixed upon poor Peter as their victim.

They began by pretending to take a great interest in him and his family, expressed surprise that he should work so hard for such poor pay, and hinted that they could put him in the way of making money easily and honestly. Then they told him their business. At first Peter was startled, but they overcame his scruples, and he joined in one of their expeditions. He was now in their power, and they threatened to give him up to the police, if he left them.

Meanwhile the time was at hand when Mary was to lay aside her white dress. She was unwilling to do this, but as she was now old enough to work in the fields, she was obliged to dress like other children. She and her mother decided to rise very early on the morning of the anniversary of the vow, and go to the chapel, there to spend some time in prayer before receiving Holy Communion. They felt the need of consolation, and at the foot of the altar they would unite in asking God to restore happiness to their home.

When the novelty of his wild life had worn away, Peter began to regret his folly and wickedness. His conscience constantly reproached him, and the sad faces of his wife and child were a continual reproof. So he determined, no matter what might be the result, to for-

sake his companions and live an honest life. But it is hard to break bad habits, and his companions, by threats and coaxing, persuaded him to accompany them once more, and for the last time.

It was not until the night of this last expedition that Peter learned, to his horror, that his companions intended to rob the village chapel. Before this, they had confined themselves to smuggling, but as they meant to leave the place, never to return, they decided to strip the little chapel of all its treasures, and then decamp. In this sacrilegious work Peter refused to take part, but the threats of the scoundrels prevailed, and he was forced to accompany them.

It was almost day-break when the robbers reached the chapel. As they entered, the light from the sanctuary lamp shone full in their faces, and Peter started back, terrified at the crime he was about to commit. The others lost no time, however, but hastily collecting the sacred vessels and other valuables, packed them in bags which they had brought. "Down with that lamp!" they called to Peter, who stood as if in a dream. Recalled to his senses, he stretched out his hand, and seizing the lamp, extinguished the light.

At that moment, a shriek rent the air, so sudden and so full of agony that it seemed to come from no earthly voice. The terrified robbers, dropping their plunder, fled, leaving Peter to find his way home as best he might.

Trembling in every limb, he hastened down the mountain-path, when suddenly he spied his wife, Annette, standing on the edge of the precipice, and

looking down intently into its depth. She neither saw nor heard him as he approached, and even when he touched her she did not move, but kept her eyes fixed on a white object in the valley below.

"Annette," he exclaimed, a new fear seizing him, "what are you staring at? What do you see? Is that a stray lamb down there?" She turned her stony eyes upon him, and answered in a hard, unnatural voice, "Yes, a lamb,—our lamb—Mary."

"What!" cried the wretched man, "Mary! our child? What is she doing there?" These words seemed to recall the unhappy mother to her senses. She burst into tears, and it was some minutes before she could answer. "Peter," she said, "you may have forgotten that this is the anniversary of our child's recovery to health. She was going to the chapel with me, to pray a little while, and was tripping along cheerfully, when suddenly we lost sight of the light from the chapel lamp. Thinking it was time to turn, she did so, and fell over the precipice. I gave but one shriek, and fainted."

Peter felt as if a sword was driven through his heart, and crying out, "I have murdered my child! It was I who put out the lamp!" he dashed down the precipice, flying from rock to rock, until he stood, or rather knelt, beside the body of his child.

She lay as if asleep; not a limb was broken, not a scratch or tear on her or her garments; even the wreath she had borne as an offering to the Blessed Mother was still in her hand. So light and brisk had been her step that she did not stumble or slip, but seemed rather to have flown. Life must have been extinct before she reached the ground.

Tenderly Peter lifted her in his arms and bore her to the chapel, where he laid her on the altar steps; and while he told the story of his crime to the priest, the mother related the offering their child had made for her father's conversion.

Her offering was accepted. Peter devoted the rest of his life to making atonement for his sins. And years after, beside three graves in the village cemetery, mothers would tell their children the story of Mary's life, her father's crimes, his punishment, his repentance and forgiveness, all so wonderfully connected with the Lamp of the Sanctuary.

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

LXIV.—ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight !
Make me a child again, just for to-night ;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore ;
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again !
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;
 Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
 Long I to-night for your presence again.
 Come from the silence, so long and so deep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
 No love like mother-love ever has shone ;
 No other worship abides and endures—
 Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;
 None like a mother can charm away pain
 From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
 Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders, again, as of old ;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;
 For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened your lullaby song ;
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

LXV.—THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL.

On the seventeenth of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats—approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand, and it was decorated with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood the Jesuit father Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office; the Governor, and Maisonneuve, a war-like figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him,—soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers,—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:—

“You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are

few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fireflies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their couac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.

LXVI.—STORY OF MONTREAL.

Next day everybody was early astir and hard at work. The men began to fell the great forest trees, and very soon all the tents were surrounded by palisades, and the altar was sheltered by a little chapel of birch-bark. In a short time small wooden houses took the place of the tents, and the little settlement had some visible existence. The first experiences of the colonists here were all pleasant ones, with charming summer weather, with a fair landscape spread around them, rich in noble outlines of distant hills and dense masses of forest.

With the frosts of December came the first great troubles to the settlement of Ville Marie. The swollen river, dammed up by the accumulating ice, rose rapidly and threatened to sweep away their whole summer's work. Powerless to stop the advancing flood, the colonists had recourse to prayer.

Maisonneuve raised a wooden cross in front of the flood, and vowed to plant another cross on the mountain summit as a thank-offering for deliverance. The advancing river stayed its course just as the waves were threatening to sap the powder-magazine; and as it soon began to recede, the colonists felt that they were safe. Maisonneuve at once prepared to fulfill his vow. A path was cleared through the forest to the top of the mountain, and a large wooden cross was made and blessed for the purpose. On the sixteenth of January a solemn procession ascended the newly-made pathway, headed by the Jesuit Du Peron, followed by Maisonneuve, bearing on his shoulders the heavy cross, which had taxed even his strength to carry up the steep and rugged ascent. When the cross had been set up, the leaders received the sacrament on the summit of Mount Royal.

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A lady in France had contributed a large sum of money for the equipment of a hospital, which was built accordingly, though as yet there were no patients, and provided with all the necessary furniture, linen, and medicines. Mademoiselle Mance was duly installed in it, to wait for the Indian patients whose bodies and souls were to be cared for within its walls. Meantime, she and the other ladies made pilgrimages to the mountain cross, to pray for the success of their work. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen of the settlers would join in these pilgrimages. They seized every opportunity of gaining an influence over the Indians who came near Ville Marie. Their efforts were crowned with some apparent success, and among their professed converts was numbered a

chief famed for his savage and crafty nature—Le Borgne. He was christened by the name of Paul, and presented with a gun, as an encouragement to others to follow his example.

The French did all they could, however, to stimulate the Indians to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, giving them implements for tilling the ground and showing them how to use them. But the dreaded Iroquois were perpetually lurking near, ready to harass and destroy.

One March morning in 1644, Pilot, a sagacious watchdog, scented Indians and rushed towards the fort over the eastward clearing, barking furiously. The soldiers crowded about their commander asking if they were never to go out to meet this invisible enemy. Maisonneuve answered promptly that he would lead them out himself, and would see if they were as brave as they professed to be.

Quickly the little band was put in battle array. Guns were shouldered, and all the available snowshoes were tied on. At the head of his troop of thirty men, Maisonneuve crossed the clearing, and entered the forest beyond, where for some time they saw no sign of human presence. But after wading for a good way through the deep snow, they were suddenly saluted with a shower of arrows and bullets from some eighty Iroquois springing from their ambush.

Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter behind the trees and fire at the enemy. For a time they stood their ground, though three of their men were killed and

several wounded. But their ammunition began to fail, while the Iroquois still pressed them close with a galling fire, which broke the steadiness of the men and made them begin a retreat. They covered their retreat by turning frequently to fire, but when they reached the beaten track leading to the fort, they made such a wild rush that they were mistaken for enemies by their friends, and, but for an accident, they would have received a fatal fire.

Maisonneuve gallantly stood his ground to the last, retreating backward with a pistol in each hand, with which he kept back his pursuers. The Indians were anxious to take him alive, and therefore would not shoot him. The chief wished himself to have the honor of capturing the French commander, and was in the act of seizing him when Maisonneuve shot him dead. This caused such a confusion among the Iroquois, who rushed to secure the dead body of their chief, that Maisonneuve escaped during the excitement, and was soon safe in the fort. Thenceforward his men recognized him as a hero, and the wisdom of his generalship was unquestioned. For some time after this Ville Marie enjoyed comparative peace. The scene of this brilliant action of Maisonneuve is believed to have been what is now the Place d'Armes, close to the great church of Notre Dame.

—*T. G. Marquis, from "Stories from Canadian History."*

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee !

—*Father Faber.*

LXVII.—JACQUES CARTIER.

In the seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn, in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
away :

In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas ;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd
away :

But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent ;
And manly hearts were fill'd with gloom, and gentle hearts
with fear,

When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourn'd his
loss

He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross :
And, when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship ;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast ;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the
 free ;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape, to his
 eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the
 wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child ;
Of how, poor souls ! they fancy, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping ;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe
 upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of
 St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness, for a hundred leagues, to ocean's briny wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's
 height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over
 sea.

—*T. D'Arcy McGee.*

Dare to do right ! dare to be true !
The failings of others can never save you ;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,—
Stand like a hero, and battle till death !

—*Wilson.*

LXVIII.—BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers ;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said : "I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely ; and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars ;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline ;
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

"Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age ;
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword ;

And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used
to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine !

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread ;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !

"There's another—not a sister ;—in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life,—for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—

I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen.—fair Bingen on the Rhine !"

His voice grew faint and hoarser ; his grasp was childish weak ;

His eyes put on a dying look ; he sighed, and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

—Hon. Mrs. Norton.

LXIX.—A FOX HUNT.

We toiled up the long steep hill where only an occasional mullein-stalk or other tall weed stood above the snow. Near the top the hill was girded with a bank of snow that blotted out the stone wall and every vestige of the earth beneath.

But what is that black speck creeping across that cleared field near the top of the mountain at the head of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away? It is like a fly moving across an illuminated surface. A distant mellow bay floats to us, and we know it is the hound. He picked up the trail of the fox half an hour since, where he had crossed the ridge early in the morning, and now he has routed him, and Reynard is steering for the Big Mountain. We press on, attain the shoulder of the range, where we strike a trail, two or three days old, of some former hunters, which leads us into the woods along the side of the mountain.

We see several fresh fox-tracks, and wish for the hound; but there are no tidings of him. After half an hour's floundering and cautiously picking our way through the woods, we emerge into a cleared field that stretches up from the valley below, and just laps over the back of the mountain.

Hark! Is that the hound, or doth expectation mock the eager ear? With open mouths, and bated breaths, we listen. Yes, it is old "Singer"; he is bringing the fox over the top of the range toward Butt End, the utmost limit of the hunters' tramps in this section. In a moment or two the dog is lost to hearing again. We wait for his second turn; then for his third.

"He is playing about the summit," says my companion.

"Let us go there," say I, and we were off.

A half-hour's heavy tramping brings us to the broad, level summit, and to where the fox and hound have crossed and recrossed many times. As we are walking along discussing the matter, we suddenly hear the dog coming straight on to us.

"We have turned the fox!" we both exclaim, much put out.

Sure enough, we have. The dog appears in sight, is puzzled a moment, then turns sharply to the left, and is lost to eye and to ear as quickly as if he had plunged into a cave. We take up positions and wait. These old hunters know exactly where to stand.

"If the fox comes back," said my companion, "he will cross up there or down here," indicating two points not twenty rods asunder.

We stood so that each commanded one of the runways indicated. There! that is the hound. Does his voice come across the valley from the spur off against us, or is it on our side down under the mountain? After an interval, just as I am thinking the dog is going away from us along the opposite range, his voice comes up astonishingly near. A mass of snow falls from a branch, and makes one start; but it is not the fox. Then through the white vista below me I catch a glimpse of something red or yellow, yellowish-red or reddish-yellow; it emerges from the lower ground, and, with an easy, jaunty air, draws near. I am ready, and just in the mood to make a good shot.

The fox stops just out of range and listens for the

hound. He looks as bright as an autumn leaf upon the spotless surface. Then he starts on, but he is not coming to me, he is going to the other man. O foolish fox, you are going straight into the jaws of death! My comrade stands just there beside that tree. I would gladly have given Reynard the wink, or signalled to him if I could. It did seem a pity to shoot him, now he was out of my reach. I cringe for him, when, crack goes the gun! The fox squalls, picks himself up, and plunges over the brink of the mountain. The hunter has not missed his aim, but the oil in his gun, he says, has weakened the strength of his powder. The hound, hearing the report, came like a whirlwind and was off in hot pursuit. But fox and dog now bleed,—the dog at his heels, the fox from his wounds.

In a few minutes there came up from under the mountain that long, peculiar bark which the hound always makes when he has run the fox in, or when something new and extraordinary has happened. In this instance he said plainly enough, "The race is up, the coward has taken to his hole, ho-o-o-le." Plunging down in the direction of the sound, the snow literally to our waists, we were soon at the spot, a great ledge thatched over with three or four feet of snow, into which the dog, on a little encouragement from his master, made his way. I thrust my head into the ledge's mouth, and in the dim light watched the dog.

He progressed slowly and cautiously, till only his bleeding heels were visible. Here some obstacle impeded him a few moments, when he entirely disappeared and was presently face to face with the fox, and engaged in mortal combat with him. It was a

a fierce encounter there beneath the rocks, the fox silent, the dog very vociferous. But after a time the superior weight and strength of the latter prevails, and the fox is brought to light nearly dead. Reynard winks and eyes me suspiciously as I stroke his head and praise his heroic defence; but the hunter quickly and mercifully puts an end to his fast ebbing life. His canine teeth seem unusually large and formidable, and the dog bears the mark of them in many deep gashes upon his face and nose. His pelt was quickly stripped off, revealing his lean, sinewy form.

—*John Burroughs.*

LXX.—HUNTING SONG.

1808.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When, 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LXXI.—THE STORY OF THE FORTY-NINE MARTYRS.

In the year 1260 the whole of Poland was overrun by barbarous Scythian or Tartar tribes. Unable to resist their violence in the open country the Polish nobles with many peasants took refuge in a strong fortress called Sandomir. Here was a Dominican convent of forty-nine monks whose prior was a very holy man named Sadoc.

For some time the people withstood the siege, and would have triumphed but for the treachery of the Russian inhabitants. They induced the leaders of the Poles to go to the Scythian camp to make peace. The

poor chiefs were detained in the camp, while the town was given up to fire and sword by the common soldiers of the Tartars.

On the night when this happened the monks had met to sing the sacred office. And when it came for one of them to recite the names of the martyrs who in different ages had suffered for the faith, the monk saw in letters of glorious light the words: "At Sandomir the Suffering of Forty-nine Martyrs."

These words, which he read in a clear voice, fell on the astonished ears of all like a clap of thunder. The book was handed to the prior. There indeed were the words, and the Holy Spirit revealed to Sadoc that they were written of himself and his companions. And he said: "Who should these be, O brothers, but ourselves? To-morrow therefore will see the golden gates open to receive us, and doubtless it will be the swords of the Tartars that are to carve a short way for us to heaven."

Morning dawned. They prepared for death by assisting with special devotion at Mass and receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the Blessed Sadoc who celebrated. The day, which appeared more quiet than usual, passed on without anything strange. At last when they were at evening prayer, they chanted: "He that dwelleth in the help of the Most High, shall abide under the protection of the God of heaven. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror of the night." "Into thy hands, O Lord, we commend our spirit."

Already the Tartar war-cry was heard. The door of the church was burst open. But a strange sight met the eyes of the cruel soldiers—forty-nine figures clothed in

white, kneeling, in prayer: "And after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus." With a yell of savage malice the barbarians rushed upon them and slaughtered them where they knelt.

—*Adapted from Ave Maria (by permission of the Publishers).*

LXXII.—ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle :

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !

And, gentle lady, deign to stay,

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white :

To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;

The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,

Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;

Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir

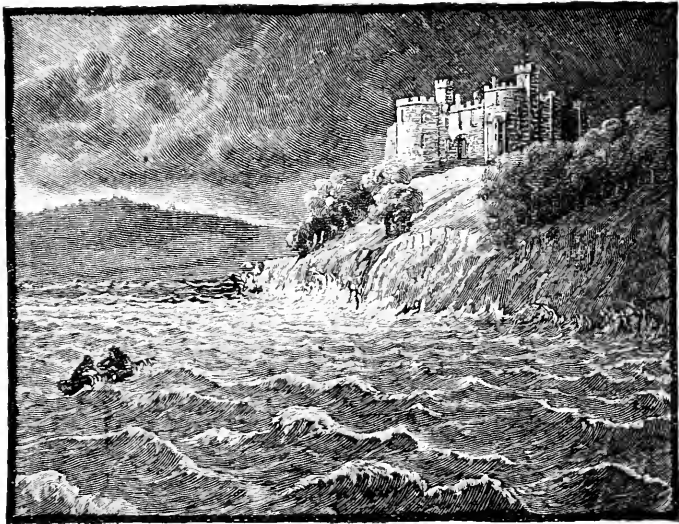
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,

But that my lady-mother there

Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.



It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron pauoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale,
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LXXIII.—THE ROBIN.

The robin is well known and widely distributed throughout Ontario. In the south it is most abundant during the period of migration, but great numbers breed all over the province, and along the southern border it is no uncommon thing to meet with individuals spending the winter in sheltered hollows, from which they are ready to start out and hail the first indication of returning spring. As the season advances, northern-bound individuals of this species arrive from the south and pass on with little delay; but those which are satisfied to remain, at once become engaged in the great business of

the season, that of raising their young. The males are the first to arrive, and are occasionally heard rehearsing their summer song, evidently somewhat out of practice. In a few days the females make their appearance and receive every attention.

The site for the nest is soon selected, and both birds work diligently till the structure is completed. The first set of eggs is laid in April, and during the tedious days of incubation the male often mounts his perch to cheer his faithful mate with what to her may seem delightful strains of music. To human ears the song does not rank as a brilliant performance, but it is given with great earnestness and liberality, and is welcomed as the prelude to the grand concert of bird music which is soon to be heard in the woods and fields all over the country. At this season the food of the robin consists chiefly of worms and various insects. It is a fine exhibition of bird-life to see him, early in the dewy morning, hop daintily over the newly cut grass to where an earthworm is exposing himself near the surface. With his head on one side, the bird watches every wriggle of the worm with intense gusto. If it is well out of the ground, it is seized, and with a jerk thrown clear of its hole, but if only a part of the worm is exposed, the course is different. It is then caught quickly and held firmly while it struggles hard to get into its hole. Robin knows that now a sudden jerk will part the animal and give him only a portion, but he knows how much strain the material will bear, and he holds on till the exhausted worm relaxes its hold, is tossed out and pounded till fit for use.

As the season advances a second and even a third brood of young may be raised. The birds acquire a

fondness for fruit, and now come the charges against them of robbing the cherry tree. No doubt they do take a few for themselves and families, but after all they are entitled to some consideration on account of the number of noxious insects which they destroy in the garden, and for my own part I would sacrifice a good many cherries rather than have the robins banished from around the house.

Those which travel to the far north have a different experience. The male, it is said, is one of the loudest and most assiduous songsters which frequent the fur countries, beginning his chant immediately on his arrival. Within the Arctic circle the woods are silent during the bright light of noonday, but towards midnight when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences and continues till six or seven in the morning. Nests have been found as high as the 54th parallel of latitude about the beginning of June. The snow even then partially covers the ground, but there is in these high latitudes abundance of berries which, after having been frozen up all winter, are exposed by the first melting of snow, full of juice and in high flavor. Thus is formed a natural hiding-place for the supply of the birds on their arrival, and soon afterwards their insect food becomes abundant.

In Southern Ontario large numbers are seen congregating together, feeding on the berries of the mountain ash, poke weed, red cedar, etc. If the weather is mild they remain till November, but usually we have a cold blast from the north in October, which hurries the bulk of them off to their winter-quarters in the south.

—From McIlherraith's "*Birds of Ontario*,"

(by permission of the Author and Publishers).

LXXIV.—THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

“Remember, Denis, all I bade you say ;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord ;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You'll mind, my son, and never say a word ;
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share ;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

“Tell him a little calf was born in May ;
It died, poor thing ; but that you needn't mind ;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay ;
But tell him God to us was ever kind ;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

“The neighbors came our heavy toil to share—
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand ;
I felt, although kind hearts were around me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand ! brave heart ! oh, severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

“Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die,
Crouched by the roadside how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

“Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half of its light ;
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,

And things look dim before my failing sight :
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

“ Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night ;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.”

—*Ellen Forrester (by permission Walter Scott, Ltd., Publishers, London).*

LXXV.—ONE OF GOD'S STOREHOUSES.

Perhaps you would like to go with me to examine one of God's storehouses that was opened a good many years ago, but contains such valuable things that the uses of all of them have not yet been found out, and their beauty is just beginning to be known.

The doorway of this storehouse lies in the side of a hill. It is twice as wide as the great barn-door where the hay-carts are driven in ; and two railroad tracks run out at it, side by side, with a little footpath between them. The entrance is light, because it opens so wide. We can see that the floor slopes downward, and the way looks dark and narrow before us.

We shall need a guide ; and here comes one—a rough-looking man, with smutty clothes, and an odd little lamp covered with wire gauze, fastened to the front of his cap. He is one of the workmen employed to bring the treas-

ures out of this dark storehouse. He will show us, by the light of his lamp, some of the wonders of the place. Walk down the sloping footpath now. Be careful to keep out of the way of the little cars that are coming and going on each side of you, loaded on one side, and empty on the other, and seeming to run up and down by themselves. But you will find that they are really pulled and pushed by an engine that stands outside the doorway and reaches them by long chains.

At last we reach the foot of the slope; and as our eyes become accustomed to the faint light, we can see passages leading to the right and the left, and square chambers cut out in the solid hill. So this great green hill, upon which you might run or play, is inside like what I think some of those large ant-hills must be—traversed by galleries, and full of rooms and long passages. All about we see men like our guide, working by the light of their little lamps. We hear the echoing sound of the tools; and we see great blocks and heaps that they have broken away, and loaded into little cars that stand ready, here and there, to be drawn by mules to the foot of the slope.

Now, are you curious to know what this treasure is? Have you seen already that it is only coal, and do you wonder that I think it is so precious? Look a little closer, while our guide lets the light of his lamp fall upon the black wall at your side. Do you see the delicate tracery of ferns, more beautiful than the fairest drawing? See, beneath your feet is the marking of great tree-trunks lying aslant across the floor, and the forms of gigantic palm-leaves strewed among them.

Here is something different, rounded like a nutshell ; you can split off one side, and behold there is the nut lying snugly as does any chestnut in its bur !

Did you notice the great pillars of coal that are left to uphold the roof ? Let us look at them ; for perhaps we can examine them more closely than we can the roof, and the sides of these halls. Here are mosses and little leaves, and sometimes an odd-looking little body that is not unlike some of the sea-creatures we found at the beach last summer ; and everything is made of coal, nothing but coal. How did it happen, and what does it mean ? Ferns and palms, mosses and trees and animals, all perfect, all beautiful, and yet all hidden away under this hill, and turned into shining black coal.

Now, I can very well remember when I first saw a coal fire, and how it looked to see what seemed to be burning stones. For when I was a little girl, we always had logs of wood blazing in an open fireplace, and so did many other people, and coal was just coming into use for fuel. What should we have done, if everybody had kept on burning wood to this day ? There would have been scarcely a tree left standing : for think of all the locomotives and engines in factories, besides all the fires in houses and churches and schoolhouses.

But God knew that we should have need of other fuel besides wood, and so he made great forests to grow on the earth before he had made any men to live upon it. These forests were of trees, different in some ways from those we have now, great ferns as tall as this house, and mosses as high as little trees, and palm-leaves of enormous size. And, when they were all prepared, he

planned how they should best be stored up for the use of his children, who would not be here to use them for many thousand years to come.

So he let them grow and ripen and fall to the ground, and then the great rocks were piled above them to crowd them compactly together. They were heated and heavily pressed until, as the ages went by, they changed slowly into these hard, black, shining stones, and became better fuel than any wood, because the substance of wood was concentrated in them. Then the hills were piled up on top of it all; but here and there some edge of a coal-bed was tilted up, and appeared above the ground. This served for a hint to curious men, to make them ask, "What is this?" and "What is it good for?" and so at last, following their questions, to find their way to the secret stores, and make an open doorway, and let the world in.

LXXVI.—EDINBURGH CASTLE.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as is well known, the castle stands upon a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So, while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named

Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress.

It happened at that time that Francis paid frequent visits to friends who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure. When he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at this point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag—and for the same reason no watch was placed there.

Francis had gone and come so often in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party by night to the bottom of the wall; and, as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis.

He went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these

thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest possible precaution.

When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them.

While they were thus waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, wishing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha! I see you well!"

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick. Indeed he had no other meaning in what he did and said; and the guard passed on, without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a

man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over.

Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March of the year 1313.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LXXVII.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing :
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he : " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph : " The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock ;
Cried they : "It is the Inchcape Rock !"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair :
The waves rush in on every side ;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

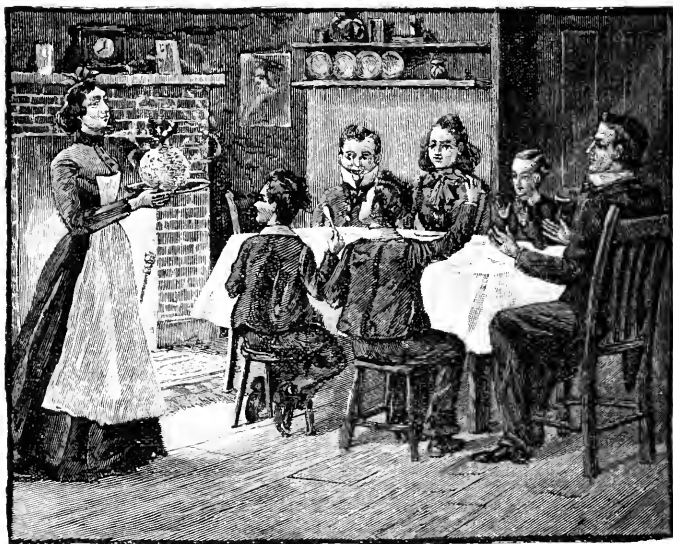
But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

LXXVIII.—THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons;



while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

.

"There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into

the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with spirits and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course,—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the

potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it,

while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quatern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:—

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—*Charles Dickens.*

LXXIX.—THE QUEEN OF SEASONS.

All is divine which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought till the day when He
 stayed;
Above and below, within and around,
From the centre of space to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing the universe smiled
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom of some delicate flower;
And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again, He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources the Maker possessed.

But I know of one work of His infinite Hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone ;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

LXXX.—THE TOWN PUMP.

Noon, by the north clock ! Noon, by the east ! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it !

Among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump ?

The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes.

I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers confess me equal to the constable. Like a dram-seller on the public square, on

a muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice:—

“Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen; walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and nothing to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!”

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come.—A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.—You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and the wells.

Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night’s potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.—Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest man, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children’s food for anything half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water.

Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not

scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again!

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, which have come all the way from Staunton, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle.

I hold myself to be the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched that her squalid form may shelter itself there. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close.

Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter,

and flowed beneath the aged bough. Still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness; and I behold with certainty and joy the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our fathers' days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

LXXXI.—PETER THE GREAT AND THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

Peter the Great was a man of iron will. Let his mind be set upon a purpose, and no power on earth could change him. He was a tyrant: human life and happiness were of no value, no significance other than as they might serve to build up the power and glory of the Russian Government.

He set forth from the ancient inland capital of Moscow, and travelled from country to country, from port to port, from kingdom to kingdom, eagerly seizing upon and jealously guarding every method and every scheme by which these countries had made themselves rich and powerful among nations.

He returned to Moscow and thundered out before the Russian court, "Russia must have a northern seaport capital!"

"But there is no port!" answered his officers.

"Make one!" roared the Czar.

"But there is no coast!"

"Make one!"

And a northern seaport capital was built—the St. Petersburg of to-day—the seaport and the coast being made, as one might say, upon which to build the capital.

If you look at the map you will see that much of Russia's sea-coast lies within or close bordering upon the icy, frozen, Arctic region—a most unpromising location for a capital, a most discouraging one to any but a Russian Government.

More than that, the shores of the country are so very low and level that if there is the least unusual rise in the sea-level, the country for miles inland is submerged, leaving it for the remainder of the year a mere unhealthy, malarial marsh land.

But the Czar had ordered that a capital be built; and tides, malaria, low-lands, and marshes notwithstanding, a capital *must* be built; and as you and I and all the world know, a capital *was* built.

A site was chosen, not where the country was highest or best drained, and where the city would be most easily built and afterward be freest from danger and destruction. Oh, no; that was not the *Russian* way. Instead, the site was chosen just where it was most convenient and profitable that Russia's capital should be built as regarded future commerce and nothing else. "We will build up the shore to suit the site; not choose the site to suit the shore," was Peter's growling reply to any courtier who dared suggest any hindrance to the success of his heart's ambition.

And certainly Peter's officers honestly carried out their ruler's design. The spot favored of nature was

chosen, if we may trust to the writings of the men of the times. For nowhere along the coast was there a swamplier tract, nor one of lower level than the one upon which stands the now elegant capital—the city of St. Petersburg.

Work upon the city was at once begun. Piles were driven, streets were built, and houses were erected. Armies upon armies of men died from malaria and from exposure to the cold and wet. But what of that? Might a man not as well die building a capital for his country as fighting in battle for her? So Peter thought; and so, no doubt, the sturdy Russian workmen thought.

Among the very first to move his family to the new capital, defying for himself as well as for them its dangers and its climate, was the Czar himself. "Certainly I shall live in my own capital," said he, as he set forth from Moscow with his long caravan of household goods and royal treasures.

One by one the families of the Russian nobility followed. Year by year, the city crept farther and farther inland; year by year, the tidal waves were driven back and the city at last made free from inundation. For years no traveller, no peasant, no farmer was allowed to enter the city without bringing as a part of his cart-load, stones and soil, with which to help fill up the city morasses.

"We have now," was Peter's comment, when at last the new capital was acknowledged a success, "a window through which Russia can look out upon civilized Europe."

LXXXII.—THE PIED PIPER.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.



Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
"*For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain -
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap !*"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
"*Bless us,*" cried the Mayor, "*what's that ?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ;
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !*"

"*Come in!*"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in ;
There was no guessing his kith and kin ;
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : "*It's as my great grandsire,*
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !"

He advanced to the council-table :
And, "*Please your honors,*" said he, "*I'm able,*
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled).

“And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
“*One? fifty thousand!*”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the piper uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling;

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Curling tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

—Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “*and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!*”

*Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!*”—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “First, if you please, my thousand guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
“*So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;—
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!*”

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried
“No trifling! I can’t wait;
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.”
“How?” cried the Mayor, “*d’ye think I’ll brook*

*Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald,
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst ;
Blow your pipe, then, till you burst !”*

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air).

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling and pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scat-
tering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council’s bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !

However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;—

Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,

The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

—*Robert Browning.*

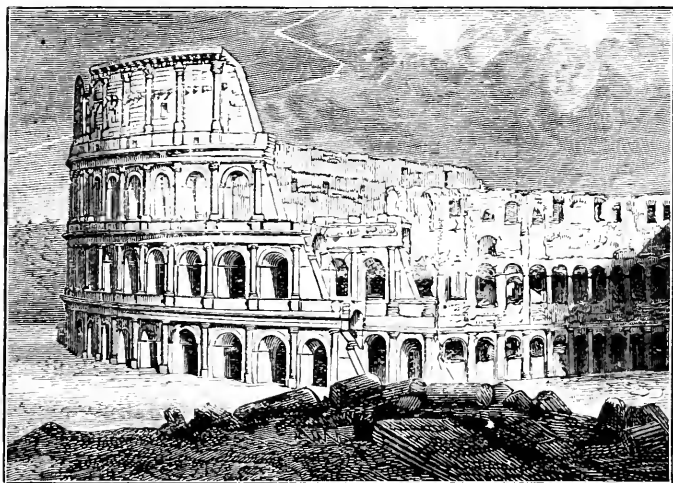
LXXXIII.—THE LAST MARTYR OF THE COLISEUM.

In every town built by the Romans there are still to be seen, where there are any ruins at all left, the remains of amphitheatres where public sports or games were held. These amphitheatres usually consisted of long rows of seats encircling the arena, which took its name from the white sand with which it was strewn, arena being the Latin equivalent of sand. To-day we would call the arena a ring, and the amphitheatre a circus.

The largest and best known of all these buildings was the celebrated Coliseum, with which we have been made familiar by numberless pictures. It was built in the reign of Vespasian, and many captive Jews passed the long days of their exile in toil upon its noble walls. The work was wonderfully well done, and the Coliseum is one of the best preserved ruins in the world. Its extent was enormous, about five acres being enclosed; and so much

stone and marble was employed in its construction that several entire palaces in Rome have been built from its fragments without apparently diminishing their extent.

Writers disagree in their estimate of the number of persons who could be accommodated on the seats of this gigantic structure, but it is safe to say that they would easily hold ninety thousand. The Coliseum, like other Roman amphitheatres, had no roof; but when it was



necessary, beautiful awnings of silk could be unfurled above the spectators to protect them from the sun or rain.

At the time when eager crowds poured into that great enclosure, the fashionable hours differed from those of to-day. The common people went at an early hour in the morning, the dignitaries arriving later, and being saluted with shouts. Usually these were cries of welcome, but sometimes they were the reverse; for there

were favorites among the rulers then as now, and the populace did not hesitate to hoot or deride an unpopular senator who ventured to show his robes in public.

The appearance of the emperor was always the signal for the sports to begin. These games were often harmless, but sometimes the savage temper of the people was aroused, and they grew tired of looking at such tame sights as dancing beasts or rope-walking elephants. Animals were set to fight one another; and then, as the taste for blood became stronger, men were brought in and made to defend themselves against wild beasts. This latter was a favorite way of disposing of captives taken in war; and, as time went on, certain slaves were trained to be gladiators, or professional fighters of one another. When one was wounded, the victor would glance up to where the noble ladies sat to see what the verdict was. If the dainty thumbs were turned down, "Fight to the death" was meant. The victorious gladiator would then soon put an end to his unfortunate victim.

After the introduction into Rome of the religion of our Blessed Lord, Christian martyrs were employed to feed with their own bodies the savage beasts of the arena, and this continued until the Emperor Constantine embraced the faith. It was determined then to stop this sacrifice of human lives; but the lust for blood was in the veins of the semi-barbaric people, and if a man wished to be elected to a high office his quickest way to gain influence was to treat the multitude to some wild, horrible spectacle in the Coliseum. The emperors were called to Constantinople or elsewhere,

and so it often came about that the old sports were still carried on.

At the beginning of the fifth century, Honorius, a feeble boy, was emperor. The fierce Gothic hordes had been driven back by the brave Roman general, and Rome was saved. Many Goths were taken prisoners, and in the excitement of the moment a grand combat was arranged to commemorate the victory. The beauty and bravery of Rome gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate the escape from the dreaded enemy. At first the sports were innocent enough, but after a while the Gothic slaves were brought to be slain by wild beasts; and then the gladiators, as in old heathen times, began to slay one another.

Suddenly the slender form of an unknown man was seen upon the sand of the arena. His feet were bare and his garb was humble. He held up a warning arm, and called to the combatants in the name of God, to desist. The crowds screamed: "Back, old man!" But he did not falter. They cried to the gladiators to cut him down, but he stood there firm, still calling upon the others to cease from committing murder. At that moment a shower of stones rained upon him, and the sharp swords of the gladiators soon felled him to the earth.

But who was he, this humble man in rough garments? He was a holy hermit from the desert, Telemachus by name, and had come to spend his Christmas in the City of St. Peter.

And so this martyr died, but not in vain. A great revulsion of feeling set in, and from that day to this no

human blood has stained the silver sand of the Coliseum. Harmless lizards sun themselves where once the voices of victims ascended; little flowers peep out of the crannies of the old wall, and all is peace and beauty; but the thoughtful still remember the holy man who laid down his life when Rome was young, the hermit Telemachus.

—“*Francesca*,” in the “*Ave Maria*”

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LXXXIV.—THE QUEEN OF THE NIGHT.

No orb in the sky has attracted more attention than the moon. There is a charm about its light that has ruled the poet and colored the artist's sketch. Its silver radiance denotes peace; and like charity it casts a shadow over defects.

In myth and ancient story the moon was a pure and lonely maiden, fond of silence, hunting and shady forests. Increasing knowledge has shown it to us, not as goddess or maiden, but as satellite of the earth. And by the earth it is held as the unfailing companion of its heavenly travels.

At the nearest point in its orbit, the moon is distant from us about two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, or about twenty-eight times the diameter of the earth. A train travelling at thirty miles an hour would take us there in less than a year. And if the old man in the moon should begin to pelt stones at us, one of them would fall and hit the earth, by the force of gravity, in a little less than three days and two hours.

If we examine the motion of the moon, it differs very much from that of the stars. It continually falls behind the progress of the other shining hosts. In fact it is so attracted by the earth that its motion is entirely independent of the stars. It requires about twenty-seven days to complete its journey round the earth. This motion gives rise to the lunar or moon phases. Thus sometimes we see the full moon; then by slowly lessening degrees we see the half, and the quarter and the little crescent. Then we lose sight of the moon, and again it becomes visible as a slim crescent, and so waxes to the full. In the circle which the moon describes about our earth, the moon passes between us and the sun once in about thirty days, and so presents a dark side which is called the new moon.

As the moon moves in an orbit which is sometimes above and sometimes below the disk or face of the sun, a moment comes when it is exactly across the face of the sun. This is what is called an eclipse of the sun. Again, sometimes the moon, as it passes behind the earth, has the earth between itself and the sun. Thus is caused an eclipse of the moon, either total or partial.

Looking at the moon itself with a telescope, we find its surface covered with mountains and valleys. Those dark lines which every boy and girl can see on the full moon, are ranges of volcanic mountains.

In size the moon is about one-fourth the diameter of the earth, and its volume or mass about one-fiftieth of our planet. The days and nights there are not twelve hours long. Only one side of the moon's face is ever seen by us. Men of science maintain that the moon is a

burnt-out, wrinkled and aged world. Its map presents us not with oceans, but empty sea-beds, volcano craters, and strange arid depressions.

The moon is the kingdom of eternal calm. It has no atmosphere, no sea, no sky. It is the region of death; it is destitute of all life. No voice causes an echo in the vast caves of the moon-mountains.

These mountains, strange to say, are ring-shaped. They are skeleton mountains, burnt-out craters, so that if you climbed to the top of a moon-mountain, you could walk around the rim, as a fly walks around the edge of a cup.

The surface of the moon changes, not by the motions of life and growth, but by a slow decay. They are caused by the crumbling of mountains and the falling down of lands. Thus we see the moon to be a dead, deserted planet, the pale ghost of what was once a world, wheeling in its orbit around the earth, and carried along with the earth in its greater orbit around the sun. Silvery, sweet and fair, this queen of the night fell in its age a prey to fire. And yet, in its silence and gentle light, how it calls the soul to the shadows of the world beyond.

Suppose our Blessed Lord were close to us now,
And He called you to stand by His knee;
Suppose He should look deep down in your eyes,
Would He smile at the heart He would see?
Are gentleness, kindness, and truth found therein?
Is it pure as an angel's can be?

LXXXV.—ST. JOSEPH.

St. Joseph was a descendant of the kingly house of David, and was chosen by God to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the foster-father of our Divine Lord. Nothing is known of his early life, nor indeed of his history at all, except what is told in the Gospel, but it is right to conclude from these high and holy trusts that he was a person of most pure and sanctified life. Indeed, the Scriptures give him the praise of being a just man, which means one who excelled in all virtues.

When he was espoused to the Blessed Virgin, whose kinsman he was, St. Joseph was a carpenter living at Nazareth, in Galilee. After the day of the Annunciation he had a visit from an angel, who told him he must harbor and protect Mary, as by the power of the Holy Ghost she was to become the mother of the Saviour of mankind. Later he took her to Bethlehem, where the Divine Child was born; and shortly afterwards, to escape the wrath of the king, he fled with mother and babe into the land of Egypt.

After these events the Gospel only tells us that by the command of the angel St. Joseph took back the Blessed Virgin and our Lord to Nazareth, where they all then dwelt together. From this place the Holy Family went every year to the feast at Jerusalem, where it happened that Jesus, when he was twelve years old, stayed behind them in the temple and caused them an anxious search of three days.

After this point the Scriptures tell us no more of the life of St. Joseph, though there are many pious tradi-

tions that relate to the holy family in their humble home at Nazareth. It is certain that while St. Joseph lived he provided for them by his work at the bench, and gave every thought and care to the welfare of his most sacred charge. He died some time before our Lord entered on His public mission, the exact year being a question on which many great writers differ. We cannot doubt but that he had the happiness of Jesus and Mary comforting him in his dying moments. For this reason St. Joseph is particularly invoked for the great grace of a happy death.

More than these few facts have not been told, but even these are so full of holy teachings and examples that the Church of God delights to dwell on them. His pure and chaste life, his ready and cheerful obedience, his love for Jesus and his care for both Mother and Child, were virtues that must rank St. Joseph high among the saints of God. While he was on this earth our Lord Jesus Christ was constantly obedient to him, and surely he who was so honored by the King of Kings is worthy of the highest veneration from men. In the Litany of the Saints the Church names him among her patriarchs, and Pope Pius IX. declared him the patron of the universal church.

In the experience of the faithful it has been found that many saints have a special power to obtain by their intercession certain classes of favors for their devout clients. This power, in the case of St. Joseph, would seem to embrace our temporal needs and blessings, and we should therefore seek his assistance in our petitions of this nature. The gifts of Divine Providence come easily through him who was the earthly provider for

our Lord and His Blessed Mother. His life teaches us the dignity of labor and simple resignation to God's holy will. In him we see the poor artisan not only belonging to a royal race, but chosen by God for the highest honor, yet remaining always humble and unknown. We see the great Saint learning great mysteries from an angel, and we see him leaving home and country without any question, in compliance with the commands from Almighty God.

LXXXVI.—CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
fair,

He with footsteps slow and weary,*—she with sunny, floating
hair ;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all
cold and white,

Struggling to keep back the murmur,—“Curfew must not
ring to-night.”

“Sexton,” Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison
old,

With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its wall dark, damp,
and cold,

“I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh ;

Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew
strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—“Curfew must not ring
to-night.”

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her
young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poison dart,—
“Long, long years I’ve rung the curfew from that gloomy,
shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour :
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I’m old I still must do it; curfew it must ring to-night.”

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
“At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die.”
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large
and bright ;
In an undertone she murmured, “Curfew must not ring to-
night.”

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old
church door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths so oft he’d trod
before :
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek
aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro.
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of
light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, “Curfew shall not ring
to-night.”

She has reached the topmost ladder, —o'er her hangs the great
dark bell ;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to
hell.

Lo, the pond'rous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew
now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and
paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden
light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

Out she swung, far out,—the city seemed a speck of light
below,

'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro ;

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the
bell,

But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral
knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips
and white,

Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

It was o'er ; the bell ceased swaying ; and the maiden stepped
once more

Firmly, on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before

Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she
had done

Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun

Should illumine the sky with beauty ; aged sires, with heads
of white,
Long should tell the little children curfew did not ring that
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie sees him, and
her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised
and torn ;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and
worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty
light :
“Go ! your lover lives,” said Cromwell ; “Curfew shall not
ring to-night.”

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

LXXXVII.—EARLY SETTLERS IN CANADA.

When we look around us we have many reasons for being grateful that in town and country so many comforts and conveniences abound. Things were not thus in the early days.

This country, now so rich and fair, with its fields of waving wheat, was, when our fathers first settled on their farms, nothing but wild forest. In entering upon their land many of the pioneers owned only a trusty axe. This faithful servant of the woodsman cleared the way for home and crop ; for the settler's first endeavor was to erect a house or shanty and to sow a little wheat.

These houses were built of logs chinked with clay or moss. They rarely had divisions, and never a second storey, unless it might be a loft, which was reached by a ladder. The crevices in roof and walls afforded ample entrance for fresh air, while the large open fire place with its chimney, built of mud and sticks, served as an excellent ventilating shaft. And when in winter huge logs were heaped together in a blazing pile in this fireplace, while outside the storm roared and the pines moaned, a ruddy glare of comfort was cast upon the primitive apartment and its simple occupants.

There were many privations in those early days of bush life, but generosity and warm-hearted sympathy prevailed through the different settlements. One serious want was that of mills to grind the wheat. So scarce were mills that many farmers had to carry their grain upon their back a distance of ten to twenty miles.

Another and more serious want was that priests were few. A priest had vast districts to attend, so that he was in one place on one Sunday, and nearly a hundred miles away the next Sunday. His visit was like that of an angel. When he was expected scouts were on the watch for his approach, and a signal fire spread the glad tidings to the anxious settlement. With shouts and tears of joy the pious people welcomed the travel-worn missionary. The home of the most prosperous settler was the place selected for "the station." Here confessions were heard, Mass was celebrated, and Holy Communion given to those who were prepared. Catechism was taught as well as time would allow, and the sick in the neighborhood were administered to. And the priest

having done what he could in the cause of religion, passed on to another station.

Social gatherings were frequent and lively. Neighbors united to help one another in their chopping, logging and bush-burning. Every raising "bee" closed its hard day's work with a night of dance and merry-making. Another institution of those early times was the quilting "bee," which likewise contributed its share to the amusements of the period.

Towards the fall of the year shooting afforded fruitful enjoyment. Water-fowl and partridges, and many fur-bearing animals abounded. Deer were plentiful; bears were now and again to be seen, and occasionally the howling of a pack of wolves thrilled the settler and his family with terror, as they sat around their winter fire.

Much of the business was done by trading. It was so much tea for so many dozens of eggs, so much cotton for so many pounds of pork. The miller took his grist as toll for grinding the farmer's wheat. Money was rarely seen. But although it was so scarce, the farmers soon had abundance of food for their own use, and some to exchange for other necessities.

—*Rev. J. R. Teefy.*

The world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

LXXXVIII.—SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free !
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
For the Lord had looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free !

—*Thomas Moore.*

LXXXIX.—THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH.

The old homestead nestled under a long range of low hills. It was surrounded by woods in all directions, save to the south-east, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low, green meadows picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden-side, wound, silently, to a larger stream known as the County Brook.

In spring mornings the blackbirds and bob-o'-links made the meadows musical with song; and on summer nights we loved to watch the white wreaths of fog rising and drifting in the pale moonlight, like troops of ghosts, with the fireflies throwing up ever and anon signals of their coming. But the brook was far more attractive—for its sheltered bathing places, clear and white-sanded; and weedy places, where the shy pickerel loved to linger; and deep pools, where the stupid sucker stirred the black mud with his fins.

It was a quiet, romantic little river. There had, so tradition said, once been a witch-meeting on its banks, of six little old women in short, sky-blue cloaks; and a ghost had been seen bobbing for eels under County Bridge. It turned the mills to grind our corn, and we drove our sheep to it for the spring washing. On its banks we could find the earliest and the latest wild flowers, from the pale blue three-lobed hepatica, and small delicate wood to the yellow bloom of the witch hazel burning in the leafless October woods.

Yet, after all, I think the chief attraction of the brook for my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded. Our uncle, who lived with us, was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions. I remember our first fishing excursion as if it were yesterday. I have been happy many times, but never more intensely so than when I received my first fishing pole, and trudged off with my uncle through the woods and meadows. It was a sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon

shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle knew where the best haunts of pickerel were, and placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line, and waited for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the pool. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," said he; "we fishermen must have patience." Suddenly something tugged at my line, and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my fish.

Overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast

of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish I did not catch ! When I hear people boasting of a work that is not yet done, and trying to anticipate credit which belongs to actual achievement, I call to mind the scene at the brook side, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application : "Never brag of your fish before you catch him."

—*John G. Whittier.*

XC.—THE NORMAN BARON.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighboring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free !"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine !"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered,
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

Despise not little things, my friend,
But always give them heed ;
The flower that makes your garden bright
Came from a tiny seed ;
The mighty oak which to and fro
Its branches great will toss,
Was but a little acorn once
Buried 'neath earth and moss.

XCI.—THE STAGE-COACH.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their week's emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue.

They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! How he could run! And then such leaps as he would take! There was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw

cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and hand-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows.

I was roused from a fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home; and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the

road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated, for I was reminded of those days, when, like them, I had known neither care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.

We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

—*Washington Irving.*

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

XCII.—THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant, which is found in both Asia and Africa, is remarkable for his size and strength, being the largest and strongest of all animals. In addition to these qualities the elephant presents many remarkable features of character. It unites the fidelity of the dog and the gentleness of the horse, with great sagacity, prudence and courage.

Of all the animal world, elephants and dogs are the only two creatures that will work in the absence of a master. We all know how a dog will carry home a basket, and go trotting along without any person to watch him. It is the same with the elephant. For instance, when elephants are taught in the East Indies to pile logs, they will go on piling without any command from their master.

A traveller in the East tells of a tame elephant he met in a narrow part of the road. The poor animal was laboring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber which he balanced across his tusks; but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side and carry the beam endways. On meeting the traveller, who was on horseback, the elephant dropped his load, and backed into the bush in order to leave a passage. "As soon as we passed," writes the traveller, "the wise creature stooped, took up his heavy burthen, balanced it on his tusks and resumed his journey." All this took place without there being any one to direct or command the elephant.

An English officer relates the following interesting story of the fidelity of the elephant: "I have often seen

the wife of a camp follower give a baby in charge of an elephant while she went out on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the awkward, yet gentle, nurse.

“The child would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about. It would get amongst the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of trees on which the elephant was feeding. The elephant would, every now and then, disengage its little charge in the most tender manner, either by lifting it out of the way with its trunk, or by removing any impediments. This peculiar nurse was chained by the leg to a stake driven in the ground, and if the child crawled beyond the length of its chain it would stretch out its trunk, and lift the child tenderly back.”

But the most wonderful manner in which Asiatic elephants show their fidelity and instinct is the way the tame animals help to ensnare the wild ones. When a herd of elephants is to be caught in Ceylon, an enclosure called a *corral* is built, five hundred feet long by half that width, having only a small opening at one end. But two sides project some distance, forming a lane which leads to the opening.

Then men go beating through the woods for many miles, driving the elephants towards this enclosure, which is easily done for they are shy and gentle as long as they are not excited. At last, when the hunters have them all within the projecting sides, they choose a favorable night and light a great many fires; they discharge guns, beat drums and *tom-toms*, and try to drive the herd into the *corral*. Although sometimes they

break away through the fences, yet generally they are captured.

The moment the herd gets inside the gate is shut, and the hunters surround the *corral* with torches which they push through the fence at the elephants, if they approach. The poor frightened creatures collect in the middle of the enclosure, forming a circle with their young in the centre.

Two trained elephants, each ridden by a driver and his attendant, are passed stealthily in. They carry a strong collar formed by coils of rope, from which hang on either side cords of elk's hide, prepared with a ready noose. With them the head man of the "noosers" creeps in, eager to secure the honor of taking the first elephant.

These decoy elephants show great relish for the sport. Having entered the *corral* noiselessly, they move about with a sly composure and an assumed air of easy indifference. They approach the circle, and afford the nooser an opportunity to stoop and slip the noose over the hind foot of a wild one. The two tame elephants instantly fall back, one dragging out the captive, the other placing itself between the first and the herd, in order to prevent any interference. Sometimes the one elephant cannot drag its prisoner close enough to secure it to a tree. The second tame one returns from the herd, and confronts the captive, which has been dragged backwards all this time, and pushing it, shoulder to shoulder and head to head, forces it up to the foot of the tree where it is made fast. In a similar way, one by one, the wild elephants are all captured.

During all these proceedings the conduct of the tame elephants is truly wonderful. They seem to understand every movement, and show the utmost enjoyment in all that goes on. And their caution and sagacity frequently prevent very serious accidents. Of course elephants are trained for this purpose, in some degree, by their drivers; but all accounts agree that the chief skill is shown by the animals themselves.

XCIII.—CANADA FOREVER.

Our Canada, strong, fair and free,
Whose sceptre stretches far,
Whose hills look down on either sea,
And front the polar star ;
Not for thy greatness—hardly known—
Wide plains, or mountains grand,
But as we claim thee for our own,
We love our native land.

God bless our mighty forest land
Of mountain, lake and river :
Thy loyal sons from strand to strand
Sing "Canada Forever."

Wrapped in thy dazzling robe of snow,
We proudly call thee ours,
We crown thee, when the south winds blow,
"Our Lady of the Flowers !"
We love thy rainbow-tinted skies—
The glamour of thy Spring—
For us thine Autumn's gorgeous dyes,
For us thy song-birds sing.

For us thy brooding Summer wakes
The corn-fields' waving gold,
The quiet pastures, azure lakes,
For us their treasure hold ;
To us each hill and dale is dear,
Each rock and stream and glen,
Thy scattered homes of kindly cheer,
Thy busy haunts of men.

Our sires their old traditions brought,
Their lives of faithful toil,
For home and liberty they fought,
On our Canadian soil.
Queenston, Quebec and Lundy's Lane
Can stir our pulses still,
The land there won through blood and pain
A loyal people fill !

Saxon and Celt and Norman we :
Each race its memory keeps,
Yet o'er us all from sea to sea
One Red Cross Banner sweeps.
Long may our " Greater Britain " stand
The bulwark of the free ;
But Canada, our own dear land,
Our first love is for thee.

God bless our own Canadian land
Of mountain, lake and river ;
The chorus ring from strand to strand
Of " Canada Forever."

—A. M. Machar (*by arrangement with the Author*).

XCIV.—TRUE BEAUTY.

“ Handsome is as handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!” were the words of Primrose in the play when addressing her daughters. She was right. Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration—and what is better than such vain rewards, you will have God’s blessing.

Never mind the reflection which your glass may give; that mirror has no heart. You make quite another picture when reflected upon the looking-glass of all who know you. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of gentleness and inward grace shines forth, softening the less pleasing features of your soul. It is like the calm moonlight reflecting the water of lake or river, and throwing a shadow upon the rough banks.

“The beauty of the King’s daughter is from within.” It is a beauty of soul much more than of body. Every mother’s daughter of you can, and should, be beautiful. You can envelop yourselves in an atmosphere of spiritual, moral and intellectual beauty, through which your faces will look like those of angels. How sweet is the voice of a mother to her erring boy! How gentle the hand of a Sister of Charity smoothing the pillow of some fevered patient in an army hospital. How winning the smile of kindness when it pours its sympathy upon sufferers and the poor!

The soul is like a summer sea with the sunlight of God’s love beaming upon its waters. Its waves ripple

and dance while the breeze of life's duties gently blows. It is dark when God's light no longer shines upon it, and the storm of passion stirs its depths. Again, our soul is a harp, and the mind, the will and the passions are its strings. God tunes this wonderful instrument to His own sweet harmony, and the angels listen to the music which our life plays upon it. From morning until night we play upon this harp. Its best tunes are patience, obedience and love.

Quite the ugliest face we ever saw was that of a woman whom the world called beautiful. Through its silver veil the ungentle passions looked out, hideous and hateful. On the other hand, there are faces which at first glance one would pronounce homely and unattractive, but who are always recognized with a warm heart-thrill. Not for the world would we change one feature: they please us as they are. They are hallowed by kind memories. They are beautiful through their unselfish devotion and their home virtues; and they are enshrined in the affection and admiration of all who know them.

—*Adapted.*

How cheering the thought, that the spirits in their bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest on the arms of his God.

—*Cunningham.*

XCV.—EVANGELINE.

THE ACADIAN VILLAGE, THE HOME OF EVANGELINE.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the
Henrys.



Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables
projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the
sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the
songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the
sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free
from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of
republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the
owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of
Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes ;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as
the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by
the wayside—

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade
of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and
her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-
rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-
loom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon
her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a
footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its
moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns
and the farmyard :

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs
and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered
seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the
selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In
each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent
inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.
Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

XCVI.—THE VIATICUM.

In times of martyrdom, while the persecutors prepared a feast for the bodies of the poor victims, the Church, their Mother, prepared a much more dainty banquet for the souls of her children. They were constantly attended by deacons who, in addition to providing for their temporal wants, arranged with the priests that there should be sufficient portions of the Bread of life, to feed early in the morning of their battle the champions of Christ. On this day that the hostile passions of heathen Rome were unusually excited by the common slaughter of so many Christians, it was a work of more than common danger. The present occasion, during Domitian's persecution, was especially trying. Spies had entered during the celebration of the sacred mysteries, and had carefully noted every one of the ministers of the sanctuary.

The Holy Bread was prepared, and the priest turned round from the altar on which it was placed, to see who would be its safest bearer. Before any other could step forward, a young acolyte named Tarcisius knelt at his feet.

"Thou art too young, my child," said the kind priest, filled with admiration of the picture before him.

"My youth, holy father, will be my best protection. Oh! do not refuse me this great honor." The tears stood in the boy's eyes, and his cheeks glowed with a modest emotion. He stretched forth his hands eagerly, and his entreaty was so full of fervor and courage that the plea was irresistible. The priest took the Divine

Mysteries wrapped up carefully in a linen cloth, then in an outer covering, and put them in his hands, saying:

"Remember, Tarcisius, what a treasure is intrusted to thy feeble care. Avoid public places as thou goest along, and remember that holy things must not be delivered to dogs, nor pearls be cast before swine. Thou wilt keep safely God's sacred gifts?"

"I will die rather than betray them," answered the holy youth, as he folded the heavenly trust in the bosom of his tunic, and with cheerful reverence started on his journey. There was a gravity beyond the usual expression of his years stamped upon his countenance as he tripped lightly along the streets, avoiding equally the more public and the too low, thoroughfares.

Tarcisius, with his thoughts fixed on better things than his inheritance, hastened on, and shortly came into an open space, where boys, just escaped from school, were beginning to play.

"We just want one to make up the game; where shall we get him?" said their leader.

"Capital!" exclaimed another, "here comes Tarcisius, whom I have not seen for an age. He used to be an excellent hand at all sports. Come, Tarcisius," he added, stopping him by seizing his arm; "whither so fast? Take a part in our game, that's a good fellow."

"I can't, Petilius, now; I really can't. I am going on business of great importance."

"But you shall," exclaimed the first speaker, a strong and bullying youth, laying hold of him. "I will have no sulking when I want anything done. So come, join us at once."

"I entreat you," said the poor boy feelingly, "do let me go."

"No such thing," replied the other. "What is that you seem to be carrying so carefully in your bosom? A letter, I suppose; well, it will not addle by being for half an hour out of its nest. Give it to me, and I will put it by safe while we play." And he snatched at the sacred deposit in his breast.

"Never, never," answered the child, looking up toward heaven.

"I *will* see it," insisted the other rudely; "I will know what is this wonderful secret." And he commenced pulling him roughly about. A crowd of men from the neighborhood soon got round; and all asked eagerly what was the matter. They saw a boy, who, with folded arms, seemed endowed with a supernatural strength, as he resisted every effort of one much bigger and stronger, to make him reveal what he was bearing. Cuffs, pulls, blows, kicks seemed to have no effect. He bore them all without a murmur, or an attempt to retaliate; but he unflinchingly kept his purpose.

"What is it? what can it be?" one began to ask the other; when Fulvius chanced to pass by, and joined the circle round the combatants. He at once recognized Tarcisus, having seen him at the Ordination; and being asked as a better-dressed man, the same question, he replied contemptuously, as he turned on his heel, "What is it? Why only a Christian ass, bearing the Mysteries."

This was enough. Fulvius, while he scorned such unprofitable prey, knew well the effect of his word. Heathen curiosity, to see the Mysteries of the Christian

revealed, and to insult them, was aroused, and a general demand was made to Tarcisius, to yield up his charge. "Never with life," was his only reply. A heavy blow from a smith's fist nearly stunned him, while the blood flowed from the wound. Another, and another followed, till, covered with bruises, but with his arms crossed fast upon his breast, he fell heavily on the ground. The mob closed upon him, and were just seizing him to tear open his thrice-holy trust, when they felt themselves pushed aside, right and left, by some giant strength. Some went reeling to the farther side of the square, others were spun round and round, they knew not how, till they fell where they were, and the rest retired before a tall athletic officer, who was the author of this overthrow. He had no sooner cleared the ground, than he was on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, raised up the bruised and fainting boy, as tenderly as a mother could have done, and in most gentle tones asked him, "Are you much hurt, Tarcisius?"

"Never mind me, Inadratus," answered he, opening his eyes with a smile; "but I am bearing the Divine Mysteries; take care of them."

The soldier raised the boy in his arms with tenfold reverence, as if bearing, not only the sweet victim of a youthful sacrifice, a martyr's relies, but the very King and Lord of Martyrs, and the divine Victim of eternal salvation. The child's head leaned in confidence on the stout soldier's neck, but his arms and hands never left their watchful custody of the confided gift; and his gallant bearer felt no weight in the hallowed double burden which he carried.

—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

XCVII.—THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

These well-known lakes are situated in the County of Kerry, Ireland, and present to the traveller some of the most picturesque scenery to be found in the world. They are three in number, the Lower, the Upper and the Middle, or Tore Lake. The three in reality form one lake, for they are connected by narrow channels. Their appearance is quite distinct. The Lower Lake is studded with islands, nearly all of which are clothed with evergreens. The Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains almost completely enclosing it. And the Middle Lake possesses the features of both, being not inferior to the one in grace and beauty, or to the other in majestic grandeur.

The charm of the lakes does not consist in the varied foliage which abounds luxuriantly, nor in the grandeur of the encompassing mountains, nor in the number of green or rocky islands, nor the delicate elegance of the shore, nor in the perpetual occurrence of bays. It consists in all these together, in the changing shadow of the mountains as sun and cloud pass over them, in the glitter of the rippling water and in the white stone of some wall of monastery or castle that shows itself from behind the green.

Killarney's romantic beauties were celebrated ages ago, and in an ancient poem these lakes are classed as the tenth wonder of Ireland. The Irish name is Loch Lene—"the Lake of Learning," according to some authorities—a name derived from the monasteries built around it, Innisfallen, Mucross and Aghadoe.

Many legends account for the existence of the lakes. They all attribute them to the neglecting to close the entrance to an enchanted fountain, which neglect caused water to flow in, and cover in a single night fertile fields, houses and palaces. We are told that a wicked chief despised the tradition which doomed to destruction the person who should displace the stone which rested over the well. He removed it to his castle at night; and when daylight came he looked down into the valley, and saw nothing but a broad sheet of water.

Mucross Abbey, between the Lower and Torc Lakes, is one of those ruined monasteries which are to be found in many parts of Ireland, England and Scotland. Its site was chosen with great taste, for it overlooks the clear waters and the countless islands which like stars bedeck the lake. A church existed on the same spot, but it was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey was built later for Franciscan monks. The building consists of two principal parts—the convent and the church. The church is about one hundred feet in length and twenty-four in breadth. Its principal entrance is by a handsome pointed doorway, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which the tourist may see the fine eastern window.

One of the roads by which we proceed to make our run down the lakes is through the gap of Dunloe. This is a deep ravine of wild grandeur and stern, magnificent scenery. It is fabled to have been produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains. The eye is charmed by the rugged, gloomy pass and the gentle beauty that surrounds it on either side. The ear no longer hears the song of

bird, but the gurgling of the river Loe, and occasionally the sound of the bugle waking the echoes of the mighty hills. But the best echo is farther on, the famed Eagle's Nest. Here the bugler played a single note. It was caught up, and repeated loudly, softly—again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, twirling and twisting around the mountain and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, farther and farther away.

—*Adapted.*

XCVIII.—THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

XCIX.—THE ROMANCE OF HENS' EGGS.

Born in the country, our amusements were few and simple; but what they lacked in themselves we supplied from a buoyant and overflowing spirit of enjoyment. A string and a stick went further with us, and afforded more hearty enjoyment, than forty dollars' worth of trinkets to our own children. Indeed, it would seem as if the enjoying part of our nature depended very much upon the necessity of providing its own pleasures. There are not many of our earlier experiences which we should particularly care to renew. We are content to renew our wading and grubbing after sweet flag-root only in memory. The nuttings were excellent in their way, the gathering of berries, the building of snow-houses, and the various games of summer and winter, on land, ice, or snow. We keep them as a pleasant background of recollection, without any special wish to advance them again into the foreground.

One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hens'-nests. The sudden cackling outcry of a faithful old hen, proclaiming the wonder of her eggs, we shall never hear without the old flush and wish to seek and bring in the vaunted trophy. The old barn was very large. It abounded in nooks, sheds, compartments, and what-nots, admirably suited to a hen's love of egg-secretiveness. And no lover ever sought the post-office for an expected letter with half the alacrity with which we used to search for eggs.

Every barrel, every manger and bin, every pile of straw or stack of cornstalks, every mow and grain-room,

was inspected. And there was always the delightful hope that a new nest would suddenly open up to us. For every one properly born and well brought up knows that hens'-nests are fortuitous, and are always happening in the most surprising manner, and in the most unexpected places. And though you bring all your great human brain to bear upon the matter, a silly old hen will tuck away a dozen eggs, right under your eyes, and will walk forth daily after each instalment with a most domestic air and tone of taunting, saying, as plain as inarticulate sounds can proclaim it, "I've laid an egg! I've laid an egg! I've laid another! You can't find it! You won't find it! I know you won't!"

And sure enough we can't find it, and don't find it, until, after a due time, the gratified old fuss leads forth all her eggs with infinite cluckings responsive to endless peepings! Behold, there was a nest in a clump of grass not a yard from a familiar path.

The knowledge that a nest might dawn upon us at any time kept our youthful zeal more alert than ever Columbus was to discover this little nest of a continent. Sometimes we detected the sly treasure in the box of a chaise; sometimes an old hat held more in it when cast into a corner than in its palmy days. The ash-bin was an excellent spot. The fire-place under an old, abandoned Dutch oven was a favorite haunt. We have crept, flat as a serpent, under the whole barn, fearless of all the imaginary monsters which, to a boy's imagination, populate dark holes, and have come forth flaxed from head to foot with spiders' webs, well rewarded if only a few eggs were found.

Now, it sometimes happened that, when busy about the "chores," foddering the horse, throwing down hay to the cows, we discovered a nest brimming full of hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded warehouse, of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suitable capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house, for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgerman's pocket. And so, having finished the evening's work, and put the pin into the stable door, we sauntered towards the house, behind which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the east with silver twilight.

All earthly cares and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure; and at length, entering the house,—supper already delayed for us,—we drew up the chair, and peacefully sank into it with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in the liveliest manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hens' cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival in our pockets! It is easy to put eggs into your pocket; but how to get them out again, that's the question. Such a hand-dripping business,—such a scene when the slightly angry mother and the disgusted maid turned the pockets inside out!

We were very penitent! It should never happen again! And it did not—for a month or two. Then a sudden nest, very full, tempted us, and we fortified our courage, as, of course, the same accident could not

happen twice. The memory of the old disaster would certainly prevent any such second ridiculous experience!

But it chanced there was company in the house,—cousins and gladly received neighbors. And amidst the congratulations, and the laugh, and the handshakings, they began to sit down; and we also sat quietly down, but rose up a great deal quicker! Our disgrace was total!

C.—THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree:
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours

Its fragrance through our open doors ;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

" Who planted this old apple-tree ?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say ;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them :
" A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times ;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

CI.—ROBINSON CRUSOE MAKES HIS BREAD.

About the latter end of December, which was our second harvest of the year, I reaped my corn. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one as well as I could, out of one of the broadswords, or cutlasses, which I saved among the arms out of the ship. However, as my crop was but small, I had no great difficulty to cut it down. In short, I reaped it my own way, for I cut nothing off but the ears, and carried it away in a great basket which I had made, and so rubbed it out with my hands; and, at the end of all my harvesting, I found that, out of my half-peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice, and above two bushels and a half of barley—that is to say, by my guess, for I had no measure at that time.

However, this was a great encouragement to me; and I foresaw that in time it would please God to supply me with bread. And yet here I was perplexed again, for I neither knew how to grind nor make meal of my corn, nor, indeed, how to clean it and part it; nor, if made into meal, how to make bread of it; and if how to make it, yet I knew not how to bake it. These things being added to my desire of having a good quantity for store, and to secure a constant supply, I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season, and, in the meantime, to employ all my study and hours of working to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread.

It might be truly said, that I now worked for my bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon, namely, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, curing, dressing, making, and finishing this one article of bread.

I, that was reduced to a mere state of nature, found this to be my daily discouragement, and was made more and more sensible of it every hour, even after I got the first handful of seed corn, which, as I have said, came up unexpectedly, and indeed to a surprise.

First, I had no plough to turn the earth, no spade or shovel to dig it. Well, this I conquered by making a wooden spade, as I observed before; but this did my work but in a wooden manner; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet, for want of iron, it not only wore out the sooner, but made my work the harder, and made it be performed much worse.

However, this I bore with too, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the performance. When the corn was sowed, I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it, to scratch the earth, as it may be called, rather than rake or harrow it.

When it was growing or grown, I have observed already how many things I wanted, to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, cure or carry it home, thresh, part it from the chaff, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it in; and all these things I

did without, as shall be observed; and yet the corn was an inestimable comfort and advantage to me too.

But all this, as I said, made everything laborious and tedious to me, but that there was no help for it: neither was my time so much loss to me, because, as I had divided it, a certain part of it was every day appointed to these works. And as I resolved to use none of the corn for bread till I had a greater quantity by me, I had the next six months to apply myself wholly, by labor and invention, to furnish myself with utensils proper for the performing all the operations necessary for making the corn, when I had it, fit for my use.

But first I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. Before I did this, I had a week's work at least to make me a spade, which, when it was done, was a very sorry one indeed, and very heavy, and required double labor to work with it.

However, I went through that, and sowed my seed in two large flat pieces of ground, as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge, the stakes of which were all cut off that wood which I had set before, which I knew would grow; so that in one year's time I knew I should have a quick or living hedge, that would want but little repair. This work was not so little as to take me up less than three months; because great part of that time was in the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

—*Daniel Defoe.*

CII.—WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

The sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eyes was a handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss Cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it, in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers, and then conducted him to Gessler, who put some questions to him, which he answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly, he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell, whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering some seditious

words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous as the best marksman in the Canton. Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time, by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell and said, "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer, and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed a distance of a hundred yards, with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thy arrow I will pardon you both; but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The governor would not alter his purpose; so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple, as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree. Gessler some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down, and taking a long time to choose an arrow, managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt a long time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself—drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotions, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the Governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?" Tell replied that it was the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve. "Nay, nay," said Gessler, "tell me thy real motive; and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

CIII.—THE SHIP ON FIRE.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For, fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
"Oh, happy!" said she, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!"

Hark! hark! what was that? Hark! hark to the shout!—
"Fire! fire!"—then a tramp, and a rush, and a rout;
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down; and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"

Fire ! fire ! it is raging above and below ;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow :
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The flames in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher !—
O God, it is fearful to perish by fire !

They prayed for the light, and, at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
“ A sail, ho ! a sail ! ” cried the man on the lee ;
“ A sail ! ” and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
“ They see us ! they see us ! the signal is waved !
They bear down upon us ?—thank God ! we are saved ! ”

—*Charles Mackay.*

CIV.—LITTLE NELL'S VISIT TO THE SCHOOLMASTER.

When little Nell and her grandfather rose up from the ground, and took the shady track which led them through the wood, she bounded on before, printing her tiny footsteps in the moss, which rose elastic from so light a pressure and gave it back as mirrors throw off breath ; and thus she lured the old man on, with many a backward look and merry beck, now pointing stealthily to some lone bird as it perched and twittered on a branch that strayed across their path, now stopping to listen to the songs that broke the happy silence, or watch the sun as it trembled through the leaves, and stealing in among the ivied trunks of stout old trees, opened long paths of light. As they pressed onward, parting the boughs that clustered in their way, the serenity which the child had

first assumed, stole into her breast in earnest; the old man cast no longer fearful looks behind, but felt at ease and cheerful, for the farther they passed into the deep green shade, the more they felt that the tranquil mind of God was there, and shed its peace on them.

At length the path, becoming clearer and less intricate, brought them to the end of the wood, and into a public road. Taking their way along it for a short distance, they came to a lane, so shaded by the trees on either hand that they met together overhead, and arched the narrow way. A broken finger-post announced that this led to a village three miles off; and thither they resolved to bend their steps.

The miles appeared so long that they sometimes thought they must have missed their road. But at last, to their great joy, it led downward in a steep descent, with overhanging banks over which the footpaths led; and the clustered houses of the village peeped out from the woody hollow below.

It was a very small place. The men and boys were playing at cricket on the green; and as the other folks were looking on, they wandered up and down, uncertain where to seek a humble lodging. There was but one old man in the little garden before his cottage, and him they were timid of approaching, for he was the schoolmaster, and had "School" written up over his window in black letters on a white board. He was a pale, simple-looking man, of a spare and meagre habit, and sat among his flowers and beehives, smoking his pipe, in the little porch before his door.

"Speak to him, dear," the old man whispered.

"I am almost afraid to disturb him," said the child timidly. "He does not seem to see us. Perhaps if we wait a little, he may look this way."

They waited, but the schoolmaster cast no look towards them, and still sat, thoughtful and silent, in the little porch. He had a kind face. In his plain old suit of black, he looked pale and meagre. They fancied, too, a lonely air about him and his house, but perhaps that was because the other people formed a merry company upon the green, and he seemed the only solitary man in all the place.

They were very tired, and the child would have been bold enough to address even a schoolmaster, but for something in his manner which seemed to denote that he was uneasy or distressed. As they stood hesitating at a little distance, they saw that he sat for a few minutes at a time like one in a brown study, then laid aside his pipe and took a few turns in his garden, then approached the gate and looked towards the green, then took up his pipe again with a sigh, and sat down thoughtfully as before.

As nobody else appeared, and it would soon be dark, Nell at length took courage, and when he had resumed his pipe and seat, ventured to draw near, leading her grandfather by the hand. The slight noise they made in raising the latch of the wicket-gate, caught his attention. He looked at them kindly, but seemed disappointed too, and slightly shook his head.

Nell dropped a curtsy, and told him they were poor travellers who sought a shelter for the night which they would gladly pay for, so far as their means allowed.

The schoolmaster looked earnestly at her as she spoke, laid aside his pipe, and rose up directly.

"If you could direct us anywhere, Sir," said the child, "we should take it very kindly."

"You have been walking a long way," said the schoolmaster.

"A long way, Sir," the child replied.

"You're a young traveller, my child," he said, laying his hand gently on her head. "Your grandchild, friend?"

"Ay, Sir," cried the old man, "and the stay and comfort of my life."

"Come in," said the schoolmaster.

Without further preface he conducted them into his little schoolroom, which was parlor and kitchen likewise, and told them they were welcome to remain under his roof till morning. Before they had done thanking him, he spread a coarse white cloth upon the table, with knives and platters; and bringing out some bread and cold meat and a jug of beer, besought them to eat and drink.

The child looked round the room as she took her seat. There were a couple of forms, notched and cut and inked all over; a small deal desk perched on four legs, at which no doubt the master sat; a few dog's-eared books upon a high shelf; and beside them a motley collection of peg-tops, balls, kites, fishing-lines, marbles, half-eaten apples, and other confiscated property of idle urchins. Displayed on hooks upon the wall in all their terrors, were the cane and ruler; and near them, on a small shelf of its own, the dunce's cap, made of old newspapers and decorated

with glaring wafers of the largest size. But, the great ornaments of the walls were certain moral sentences, fairly copied in good round text, and well worked sums in simple addition and multiplication, evidently achieved by the same hand, which were plentifully pasted all round the room: for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school, and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars.

"Yes," said the old schoolmaster, observing that her attention was caught by these latter specimens. "That's beautiful writing, my dear."

"Very, Sir," replied the child modestly, "is it yours?"

"Mine!" he returned, taking out his spectacles and putting them on, to have a better view of the triumphs so dear to his heart. "I couldn't write like that, now-a-days. No. They're all done by one hand; a little hand it is, not so old as yours, but a very clever one."

As the schoolmaster said this, he saw that a small blot of ink had been thrown on one of the copies, so he took a penknife from his pocket, and going up to the wall, carefully scraped it out. When he had finished, he walked slowly backward from the writing, admiring it as one might contemplate a beautiful picture, but with something of sadness in his voice and manner which quite touched the child, though she was unacquainted with its cause.

"A little hand indeed," said the poor schoolmaster. "Far beyond all his companions in his learning, and his sports, too; how did he ever come to be so fond of me! That I should love him is no wonder, but that he should

love me—" and there the schoolmaster stopped, and took off his spectacles to wipe them, as though they had grown dim.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, Sir," said Nell anxiously.

"Not much, my dear," returned the schoolmaster. "I hoped to have seen him on the green to-night. He was always foremost among them. But he'll be there to-morrow."

"Has he been ill?" asked the child, with a child's quick sympathy.

"Not very. They said he was wandering in his head yesterday, dear boy, and so they said the day before. But that's a part of that kind of disorder; it's not a bad sign—not at all a bad sign."

The child was silent. He walked to the door, and looked wistfully out. The shadows of night were gathering, and all was still.

"If he could lean upon anybody's arm, he would come to me, I know," he said, returning into the room. "He always came into the garden to say good night. But perhaps his illness has only just taken a favorable turn, and it's too late for him to come out, for it's very damp and there's a heavy dew. It's much better he shouldn't come to-night."

The schoolmaster lighted a candle, fastened the window-shutter, and closed the door. But after he had done this, and sat silent a little time, he took down his hat, and said he would go and satisfy himself, if Nell would sit up till he returned. The child readily complied, and he went out.

She sat there half-an-hour or more, feeling the place very strange and lonely, for she had prevailed upon the old man to go to bed, and there was nothing to be heard but the ticking of an old clock, and the whistling of the wind among the trees. When he returned, he took his seat in the chimney-corner, but remained silent for a long time. At length he turned to her, and speaking very gently, hoped she would say a prayer that night for a sick child.

“My favorite scholar!” said the poor schoolmaster, smoking a pipe he had forgotten to light, and looking mournfully round about the walls. “It is a little hand to have done all that, and waste away with sickness. It is a very, very little hand!”

—*Charles Dickens.*

CV.—A GREYPORT LEGEND.

They ran through the streets of the seaport town :
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay :
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

“Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden !
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay.”

Good cause for fear ! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear,—
Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—
Thirteen children they were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay !

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all !
She will not float till the turning tide !"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore :
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar ;
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold grey stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail :
For the signal they know will bring relief :
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

—*Bret Harte.*

It throbs not fast, it throbs not slow ;
Nor does it throb too loud, too low ;
But cheerful, even, is its beat,
Until the hours are all complete ;
Then silent in its course doth stand,
Till wound up by the Saviour's Hand.

CVI.—MOSES AT THE FAIR.

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry us single, or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she; "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of

gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him bring such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box on his back!"

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.—"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry

spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife; "not silver? the rims not silver?" "No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry! hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff;—if I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

CVII. -YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at Whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing : " O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

" Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, " for with
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !

—James Russell L

CVIII.—CHAMPLAIN ON THE OTTAWA R.

Champlain, one of the great explorers of New France, as Canada was first called, believed, from the report of one of his followers, that he could find a passage to the northern seas by ascending the Ottawa River. Accordingly he started from the Island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, with four Frenchmen and one Indian in two small canoes. They passed the swift current of St. Ann's, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and advanced up the Ottawa till the rapids of Carillon and the Long Sault checked their course. So dense and tangled was the forest that they were forced to remain in the bed of the river, trailing their canoes along the bank with cords, or pushing them by main force up the current.

All day they plied their paddles. Night came and they made their camp-fire in the forest. The voyagers around the flame, red men and white, the latter cross-legged on the earth, the former crouched like apes, each feature painted in fiery light as they waited their evening meal—trout and perch cooked on forked sticks before the scorching blaze. Then each spread his couch—boughs of the spruce, hemlock, balsam-fir or pine—and stretched himself to rest.

As soon as dawn appeared, the voyagers held their course. They had not been long upon their way before the falling curtain of Rideau shone like silver upon their left, and in front, white as a snow-drift, the cataracts of the Chaudière barred their advance.

On the brink of the rocky basin where the plunging torrent boiled like a caldron, Champlain's Indians took their stand, and with a loud invocation, threw tobacco into the foam, an offering to the local spirit, the Manitou of the Cataract.

Over the rocks, through the woods; then they launched their canoes again, and with toil and struggle made their way, pushing, dragging, lifting, paddling, shoving with poles; till when the evening sun poured its level rays across the quiet lake, they landed, and made their camp on the verge of a woody island.

Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour they moved prosperously up the long windings of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. Now, like a wall bristling at the top with woody islets, the Falls of the Chats faced them with

the sheer plunge of their sixteen cataracts. Now they glided beneath overhanging cliffs, where, seeing but unseen, the crouched wild-cat eyed them from the thicket; now through the maze of water-girded rocks, or among islands where old hemlocks darken the water with deep green shadow. Here, in the tortuous channels, the muskrat swam and plunged, and the splashing wild duck dived beneath the alders or among the red and matted roots of thirsty water-willows. In the weedy cove stood the moose, neck-deep in water to escape the flies; wading shoreward, with glistening sides, as the canoes drew near, shaking his broad antlers, and with clumsy trot vanishing in the woods.

After an exhausting trip they reached Muskrat Lake, the seat of the principal Indian population of the river, and, as the canoes advanced, unwonted signs of human life could be seen. In a rough clearing made by burning the trees, the soil had been feebly scratched with hoes of wood or bone, and a crop of maize was growing. The dwellings of these slovenly farmers, framed of poles covered with sheets of bark, were scattered singly or in groups, while their tenants were running to the shore in amazement. The chief offered the calumet, or pipe of peace, and then harangued the crowd: "These white men must have fallen from the clouds. How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids which even we find it hard to pass?" And they hastened to regale the hungry visitors with a repast of fish. Champlain asked for guidance to the settlements above, which was readily granted. Escorted by his friendly hosts, he advanced by forest pathways to the cabins of a chief named Tessouat, who, amazed at the

apparition of the white strangers, exclaimed that he must be in a dream.

Here was a cemetery which excited the wonder of the French, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Each grave was covered with a double row of pieces of wood, inclined like a roof till they crossed at the ridge. At one end stood an upright tablet, or flattened post, rudely carved with an intended representation of the features of the deceased. If a chief, the head was adorned with a plume. If a warrior, there were figures near it of a shield, a lance, a war-club, and a bow and arrows; if a boy, of a small bow and one arrow; and if a woman or a girl, of a kettle, an earthen pot, a wooden spoon, and a paddle. The whole was decorated with red and yellow paint; and beneath slept the departed, wrapped in a robe of skins, his earthly treasures about him, ready for use in the land of souls.

Tessouat gave a solemn feast in honor of the strangers, sending runners to summon the chiefs and elders from the neighboring hamlets.

Champlain and his Frenchmen were given the place of honor in the cabin, which had been swept by the squaws for the occasion. The other guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each muttering his salute as he entered the door. The spacious cabin was full. Each warrior thrust forth his dish to be served by his host in turn. First there was a mess of pounded maize, wherein were boiled morsels of fish and dark scraps of meat; then fish and flesh broiled on the embers were served, with a kettle of cold water from the river. A few minutes sufficed for the meal. All alike vanished, and the kettles were

empty. Then pipes were filled, and touched with fire by the obedient squaws, while the young, who had stood about the entrance, now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel.

First the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then for full half an hour the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the proper time came, Champlain addressed them, and asked them for four canoes and eight men to help him in the attainment of his object. These were promised, and Champlain with a light heart left the cabin to visit the fields. In his absence, the assembly reconsidered the question, and refused the canoes. The chiefs urged the difficulties of the journey, and the hatred of the neighboring tribe of the Nipissings.

They informed him, moreover, that he had been basely deceived as to the possibility of reaching the northern seas by this route. Then, as no motive remained for further advance, the whole party set forth on their return to Montreal, which they reached in safety.

CIX.—THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Let us throw more logs on the fire !

We have need of a cheerful light,
And close round the hearth to gather,

For the wind has risen to-night.
With the mournful sound of its wailing

It has checked the children's glee,
And it calls with a louder clamor

Than the clamor of the sea.

Hark to the voice of the wind !

Let us listen to what it is saying,
Let us hearken to where it has been ;
For it tells, in its terrible crying,
The fearful sight it has seen.
It clatters loud at the casements,
Round the house it hurries on,
And shrieks with redoubled fury
When we say, "The blast is gone !"
Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the field of battle,
Where the dying and wounded lie ;
And it brings the last groan they uttered,
And the ravenous vulture's cry.
It has been where the icebergs were meeting,
And closed with a fearful crash :
On shores where no foot has wandered
It has heard the waters dash.
Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the desolate ocean
When the lightning struck the mast ;
It has heard the cry of the drowning,
Who sank as it hurried past ;
The words of despair and anguish,
That were heard by no living ear,
The gun that no signal answered,
It brings them all to us here.
Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has been on the lonely moorland,
Where the treacherous snowdrift lies,
Where the traveller, spent and weary,
Gasp'd fainter and fainter cries ;

It has heard the bay of the bloodhounds
On the track of the hunted slave,
The lash and the curse of the master,
And the groan that the captive gave.
Hark to the voice of the wind !

It has swept through the gloomy forest,
Where the sledge was urged to its speed,
Where the howling wolves were rushing
On the track of the panting steed.
Where the pool was black and lonely,
It caught up a splash and a cry,—
Only the bleak sky heard it,
And the wind as it hurried by.
Hark to the voice of the wind !

Then throw more logs on the fire,
Since the air is bleak and cold,
And the children are drawing nigher
For the tales that the wind has told
So closer and closer gather
Round the red and crackling light ;
And rejoice (while the wind is blowing)
We are safe and warm to-night.
Hark to the voice of the wind !
—*Adelaide A. Procter (by permission of the Publishers).*

“Children dear, if our lives are loving,
Sweet to all, like the clover here,
Having the modest grace of violets,—
Full of the buttercups’ sunny cheer,—
We shall be God’s little human flowers,
Helping to brighten this world of ours.”





